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MARMION

travestied;

A TALE, IN SIX CANTOS.

MARMION

travestied;

A TALE

OF MODERN TIMES.

BY

PETER PRY, Esq.

'Tis Woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first are taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind;
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.—GAY.

LONDON:

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FOR THOMAS TEGG, 111, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

1809.

TO

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

ADVOCATE,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS TRAVESTY IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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My haunts broke in upon—my cause disturbed?

—— O, you shall see him laugh 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

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What is the bane of man, and scourge of life but *Woman?*——What is the heathenish idol man sets up, and is damned for worshipping?—*Treacherous Woman.*——What are those, whose eyes, like basilisks', shine beautiful for sure destruction, whose smiles are dangerous as the grin of fiends, but *false, deluding Woman?*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

TO muzzle the snarl of the critic, and obviate the invidiously detracting cry of contemporary writers, it will be only necessary to state that the present is the first attempt made of comprising in a POETICAL DIGEST the REAL story on which this travesty proceeds. Though no doubt the press has teemed with publications on that subject, yet they have been all of an inferior kind, extending not beyond a particular item of the interesting narrative. We can,

however, offer to the public a strong assurance that the following poem will be found equally distinguished for comprehension of matter as for novelty of manner. A variety of circumstances dependent on and interwoven with the memoirs of that celebrated THAIS, (Mrs. C*****) and which never before have met the public eye, will be herein faithfully delineated. It must remain in the recollection of our readers, that the star of UNCONTROLLED INFORMATION on this head first beamed in the EAST, while "shadows, clouds and darkness" obscured the independence of the WEST END. We have omitted particular annotations on the text, because we considered it but fair to leave the reader unfettered in his curiosity,

to apply the subject as his own information may suggest.

Of Poetry, as of other attainments, it has been often remarked, that in the present age few steps can be made to advancement; and no emulation of preceding writers can be attended with any other result than that of trite and tedious imitation. Were it to our purpose to deny an opinion which so generally prevails, we might be induced to refer that decline to grounds of a more rational nature than it is here necessary to enter into. The idea of our having reached the summit of climacteric excellence seems indeed not to be confined to any distinct or definitive class of human actions. In the

State we have met with men who can cry up the impossibility of improvement on the political system; and in the Church, we find those who loudly declare the vanity and sinfulness of supposing that man can attain to any satisfactory scale of moral amelioration. —In the pulpit, as well as the senate, it seems to be the rule that the dangers of puritanism in the former, and of departure from established modes in the latter, have been sufficiently exhibited in history to deter us from adventure in quest of purity.—Were this to be the case, the world was never to brighten with the expectation of a PAUL or an AUGUSTIN in the one; or of a SOLON or an ALFRED in the other. Thus too, because Spencer

was immortal and unrivalled in his day, were the people of that age to despair of a MILTON or a SHAKESPEARE. To the humiliation of inferiority, not to say of equality, with such writers, this work must give place. But as to every man belongs the privilege of exercising his own judgment, we shall here enter into a discussion on the merits of a writer, who, in our own time lays claim to originality. And here most unqualifiedly we confess that claim to be founded, as far us regards the originality of non-concession to the fixed and acknowledged rules of an acknowledged standard.

Much has been said of the simplicity of style for which "Marmion," and

the other works of Mr. Scott are distinguished; but no attention has been paid to the deviation, of which, with respect to the *munda simplicitas*, that author has been notoriously guilty. Great allowance might be made to him if he acted in conformity with the opinion we have already noticed; but it seems that he more strongly and yet more egotistically argues that "The Lay of the *last* Minstrel" cuts out future competition. We sincerely hope it may be so; for of all the ballad-ranger son the outskirts of Parnassus, from the author of Chevy-Chace to the simple and independent Walter Scott, few have been so successful in collecting the garbage of the Muses' kitchen as the latter gentleman.

His rhythmical harmony seems likewise to have its origin in the same low department of the virgin choir, and to be a pretty faithful imitation of the gridiron numbers in which the understrappers of Helicon, by aping their superiors, celebrate "High Life below Stairs." One great requisite of a poet Mr. Scott certainly possesses, namely, invention; for he has laden his pages with the presence of "historical facts," which no outstanding chronicles would, we believe, admit as evidence in a court of chronology. With Hesiod he may say,

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.

Proceed we now to say something for our own undertaking.—The foun-

dation is not fabulous, but rests on recent and original grounds. The style and versification are not original, being the second attempt on that species of descriptive poetry, which in noticing the actions of the higher walks of life includes those of the lower, and blends the qualities of the prince with those of the porter and the kitchen-maid. Such being the style of Marmion's tale, in humble travesty, we have attempted to follow it by the tale of F*******.

In burlesquing a work of the same language we do not boast those advantages which a foreign author might afford. COTTON, when he undertook the task of travestying VIRGIL in English, had a much easier task to

accomplish than could have possibly fallen to the share of any of that Mantuan poet's contemporaries. We have been consequently obliged to adhere to the *peculiarities* of the original. Scott's poem begins (Canto I.) with "Day,"—ours with Night: the former is a tale of *ancient* days—the latter of *modern* times. The original is a *fiction* —the travesty is founded on *facts*. The author of "Marmion" has *now-and-then* affected the ancient style—with equal propriety we have blended modern language with a *few* obsolete expressions. We have adhered throughout to the measure of the original, except in a few instances where deviations were unavoidable.—We have also adhered to *all* the remarkable rhymes

in the original: *Marmion*, (which is properly a dissyllable in poetry) is frequently by Mr. Scott made a trisyllable, and *single* rhyme at the end of a line: We have done the same with the name of our substituted hero. We have also introduced Stories and Songs, to correspond with those of the original. Let the reader, if he please, compare both, and perhaps his entertainment will be heightened.

The Introductions, which are prefixed to their respective cantos in Mr. Scott's "Marmion," we have given collectively in the beginning of our Travesty, in order to be read together by the curious; or overlooked by those who are averse to prefatory matter.

If, according to the original, they were to be read at different periods, so many introductions must confuse the ordinary reader, and divert his attention from the main subject.

London, August 3rd. 1809.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

Introduction to Canto First.

TO

SIR F——S B—RD—TT.

May.

THAT bad the times are, all declare,
Then be reform our present care—
'Tis only satire, there's no doubt,
Can reformation bring about.
To "shoot at folly as it flies,"
Doth the immortal bard advise;
And *fools* are, in the script'ral sense,
Those guilty of some gross offence.—
Adultery we find the rage,
The scandal of the present age;

And tho' 'twas death by Moses' law,
'Tis now committed without awe.
In general vile interest guides
Each man in office who presides:
The meritorious, oft we find,
Most shamefully are left behind,
From further services deterr'd
While the unworthy are preferr'd.
Since vice each day we may detect
Strive we* these follies to correct—
Since a reform we so much lack,
Assist, my Muse, the great attack.—

Thou art, Sir F——s, I confess,
The best of men I could address
Upon a subject, such as this,
And hope you will not take't amiss;

* It should be observed, that the Author of Marmion has, throughout his poem, imitated the Latin language, in affecting the first person plural of the imperative mood.

Especially as it affords
The means of saying a few words,
Which, well applied, must needs suffice,
As good and seasonable advice.

How fluctuating is applause,
We've seen, alas!—what W—dle *was*—
Now see him as he *is*, I pray,
And what a falling off you'll say—
The people's friend he lately seem'd,
Was much commended and esteem'd—
And therefore the best man, thought I,
The place of WILTON† to supply:—
All of a sudden what disgrace—
What change of sentiments took place;
What luckless circumstance arose
When this my tale was near a close—
The Muse, then, WALTER SCOTT, forgive—
As well as you, she needs must grieve,

† See Marmion.

That Colonel W—— had not been
The brave De Wilton in each scene.—
She could not possibly foreknow
The Colonel could have acted so.
What's Popularity?—a name
At which so many thousands aim—
A transient blessing which I wot,
Is sooner lost than it is got—
So fleeting is a people's praise,—
That hisses oft succeed huzzas!
Those that applauded, may deride,
For favor ebbs just like the tide;
And the least thing that's done amiss,
Procures an everlasting hiss.
Thus, then, opinion seems to mock,
It changes like a weather-cock.
Yet not the public let us blame,
But those, who sacrifice their fame;—
How many seem the people's friend,
To serve perhaps a private end;

Awhile assume a double face,
But take the mask off, when—in PLACE.
Let all, who this position doubt,
Mark those who're IN, and who are OUT.
Among the latter 'twill be found,
The present favorites abound—
But time, and only time can prove
If they deserve the people's love;
Whene'er in office, ten to one,
Their reputation will be gone.

Some, by misconduct, forfeit oft
Their fame, and then are justly scoff'd.
A silly word—a foolish act
From reputation will detract;
No protestations then avail,
When once enraged the world will rail,
And all appeals are then in vain—
A name thus lost—who can regain?
Sufficient let these hints then be,
Nor think, B——tt, the Muse too free—

Thou by the people art esteem'd,
A friend, by all the people deem'd—
I trust thou wilt remain so still,
And never forfeit their good will;
Still act the conscientious part,
And always be what now thou art!—
How diff'rent would have been the case,
Hadst thou been in the Colonel's place;
The place of G—ll—m Ll—d, I mean—
Nay, tho' th' Upholsterer's bill had been
Double the sum it was, or more,
Thou wouldst have paid the WHOLE, before
The subject should have reach'd a court,
And thus become a theme for sport—
Thou wouldst have freely giv'n, I'm sure,
The lady all the furniture,
Since she it was, who had of late,
Much matter furnished for debate.

Now to my canto,—tho' this first,
May probably be deem'd the worst—

Yet, (which I hope will be confest,)
It is as useful as the rest:
Hence *youths* of *forty-five* will see,
They ought to shun bad company—
Hence men of power will be taught,
Promotion should be never bought—
Hence statesmen learn, that love should ne'er
With public business interfere:—
In short, I trust, that every reader
Will find th' instruction he may need, here.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

Introduction to Canto Second.

TO

R——D B——Y SH———N, Esq.

Chelsea.

As this my second canto treats
On learning and scholastic feats,
I cannot, to a better man,
Inscribe it, than to Sh—r—d—n;
Whose father, we remember well,
In diction did so much excel—
For elocution he gave rules,
And thus assisted all our schools.
The son, as much too as the sire,
We must for eloquence admire—

His arguments are always clear—
His language fine—his wit severe—
But needless to expatiate so
On what the world already know.

Men of abilities oft *die*
Before their time—I know not why—
And therefore Sh——n, we find,
Was lately to the tomb consign'd—
The newspapers declared his death,
The very hour he lost his breath—
And this report did then afford
Full scope his actions to record,
His biographers, now bring forth
To recollection all his worth—
And thus sagaciously contrive
To keep his memory alive—
Surpris'd were numbers, I am told,
His *resurrection* to behold;
Monk L——s was o'ercome with awe,
He thought a *spectre* that he saw;

And many were the moments lost,
Ere he address'd the *living ghost.*
Call we these deaths, so premature,
" *Killing no murder,*" to be sure,
Hence, probably, the scribbler H——k,
Th' idea of his patch-work took:
As soon appeared after this time—
His farce—beg pardon—PANTOMIME,
For pantomime consists of tricks,
Which, helter-shelter, they may mix;
But farce should have a kind of plot,
Tho' pieces now-a-days have not—
Thou Sh——n—*the critic,* must
Confess, that these remarks are just.

Now of my canto I must speak,
Th' indulgence of my readers seek—
A Boarding-School!—But well I know,
I must contend with many a foe;
How many rail at ladies' schools,
Call all the governesses fools—

How many parents—guardians—swear,
Their children have been ruin'd there;
How many bitterly declare,
They seminaries are for fashion—
For dress—for love (that gentle passion!)
As miss, tho' scarcely in her teens,
To get a sweet-heart, here finds means.
Perhaps another school near hand,
For gentlemen—you understand;
Thus lads and lasses often meet,
And get acquainted in the street.
Young gentlemen—such rogues are they,
Can winks, or love-letters, convey—
When happy Sunday comes—what then?
The misses see their gentlemen;
Each at the other fondly stares
At church—and thus they say their prayers.
Of course 'tis said that every child
At boarding-school is surely spoil'd;
She's taught French sentences indeed,
Ere English she can spell or read;

So delicate the meat is carv'd
That many a little one is starv'd—
And as their stomachs, 'tis confest,
Can never morsels gross digest—
They oft receive a lump of fat
And then are told they must eat that:
For 'tis at school the etiquette
To eat up every thing you get;
Should miss however, not be able,
'Tis for her supper brought to table.—
Thus mistresses exert their skill
To make their little pupils ill—
For physic is an *extra* charge,
And tends their school-bills to enlarge.

Since thus so many in the town
Our ladies boarding-schools run down;
I have good reason then to fear
They'll on this canto be severe;
But, gentles, some compassion take,
For mine and for Miss T——r's sake.—

I sing a governess not faulty—
Her girls too young are to be naughty;
I sing a governess—whose nod
Is law—whose sceptre is the rod;—
She never flourishes a *cane*—
(A punishment we must disdain).
She leaves no marks, red, blue or black
Upon a little lady's back—
For when correction children lack,
Not to the *back*, but to the *side*
Thereof, the rod is then applied.

Ye critics be not too severe,
Rash condemnation pray forbear—
For many schools there still exist,
Which claim attention, I insist;
The School for Scandal eke is one,
A school which rivall'd is by none;
Another, which is also prais'd,
At Covent Garden late was rais'd—
The School of Reform it is call'd
And now-a-days should be extoll'd

No longer on this theme I'll dwell,
Farewell—then Sh——n, farewell;—
May Drury's Theatre again
Be soon rebuilt—its sway maintain;
May it out-top its rival near,
And of the *renters* too get clear;
And may Apollo thereon shine
More favorable and more benign,
Then heretofore—but sure I err—
He shone too bright you will aver;
His godship should have rather *wept*
And then his station he'd have kept;
For had he rain'd down tears, no doubt
He would have put the flames soon out—
Then trust not to Apollo more,
He burn'd the world in days of yore—
When he let Phaëton, his son
Do that he should himself have done.
Farewell —this trespass pray forgive—
And long your *death* may you *outlive*.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

Introduction to Canto Third.

TO

MAJOR H—NG—R.

May 11.

To the *bon vivant* who delight
In noisy merriment at night,—
Who love to take a cheerful glass
And kiss at times the yielding lass;
Who cannot bear at home to plod,
But seek for happiness abroad—
Who think that no such thing can be
As Hymeneal Harmony:—
To those, who free and easy live,
My song may now some pleasure give.—

Thou, Major, art the man for glee,
The man for noisy revelry;
Thou canst the bumper freely quaff
And raise a Bacchanalian laugh;—
Canst crack a joke ne'er crack'd before
And set the table in a roar;
With manly voice canst sing a strain,
And lads of spirit entertain.
To thee, who hast a store of wit,
As every body must admit,—
Who hast rare qualities imbibed,
To thee this canto is inscribed.

Yet see, ye gay ones, see by this,
Intemperate mirth is not true bliss;—
Attentively this canto read,
And then convinc'd you'll be indeed
That during merry-making's din
Reflection frequently breaks in;
That sudden terrors oft annoy
This wild and momentary joy:

Perhaps a stranger in the room
To mar your pleasure may presume—
His observations trite commence,
And innocently give offence—
The very landlord, in the bargain,
May tease you with his idle jargon;
For, landlords 'tis a fault among,
Not one in ten can hold his tongue;
Thus, when you hope to be most pleas'd
You may be most disturb'd and teas'd.—

For those who also pass their lives
With mistresses instead of wives,
This canto also may produce,
Some information of great use;
Hence may we learn no lasting bliss,
Attends th' illegitimate kiss—
Hence may we learn that *fav'rites* few
Are ever faithful—ever true;

But different sentiments prevail,
At matrimony several rail—
"A wife," as *Sir John Brute* may say,
"Is the same dish both night and day."—
The libertine indeed disdains
The very thoughts of Hymen's chains;
He likes variety in love,
And keeps his liberty to rove:
The monarchs of the wood he sees
Prefer and cast off whom they please;
And like these *beastly* monarchs he,
King of the bedchamber, will be—
The advocates for amorous bliss,
For disencumbered love like this,
May point to many a man and wife
And notice their domestic strife—
Then jeering cry,—"Great, I confess,
Is your connubial happiness;
If these the pleasures be of Hymen,
Unburthened love I see no crime in—

So, sooner than I'd take a wife
To be the torment of my life,
I'll have a mistress—whom I may
When she displeases, send away."
Let such attentively peruse
The humble offspring of my Muse;
And tho' of wives they thus discourse
They'll find that mistresses are worse.
We must pay dear for every kiss,
Ere we these ladies can dismiss.

Such are the notions which of late
Among our bucks predominate;
But honest men, we still may find,
For other pleasures are inclin'd;
John Bull his partner only loves,
And seldom from his fire-side moves—
When, with his children, at his meal
He feels—what libertines can't feel;
Domestic joy, without dispute,
For honest Bull is not a *brute*.

How many married men, you'll say,
Abandon wives and go astray;
How many wives you may condemn,
And say the blame lies upon them;
Be it the care tho' of each spouse
To guard his *goods* as well as house,—
And let the giddy—married rake,
A warning from this canto take:
To such 'twill be of double use;
Like bachelors they've no excuse

Now, candidly, we all must own,
That gaiety's too much the *ton;*
Were there no profligates, I'm sure
Our girls wou'd still be chaste and pure—
Our wives be constant to their vows
And never deck their husbands' brows—
Then be the fair excused—for, oh!
'Tis by the libertines, I know,
The easy virgin's led astray,
And to seduction falls a prey;

'Tis by the libertine, the wife
Is made a criminal for life—
Whatever sorrows then befal,
Thanks to our libertines for all!

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

Introduction to Canto Fourth.

TO

SIR D—V—D D—ND—S.

The subject now on which I treat,
Your patronage I'm sure will meet—
Not idle love, but noble fighting,
The brave Sir D——d takes delight in.
A man so truly grave and wise,
A lady's chamber must despise:
His hours much rather would he spend
At the W—Office, with a friend;
The army interests promote,
And time to business thus devote.

By some indeed 'tis questioned, whether
Old age and knowledge go together?
They say, but heaven knows how true,
That an old man can *nothing* do;
When the heyday of life is past,
The first age,† then is like the last—
Mere childhood—and for business then,
Wholly unfit are all such men.
And yet in antient times, the sage
Was much respected for his age—
And great attention too was paid,
To every thing, a veteran said.
'Twas then admitted as a truth,
An old man far surpass'd a youth.
He was the Mentor—his advice,
Was prosecuted in a trice;
He bore the sway—and why not now?
Discretion marks the aged brow.

† "And one man in his time, plays many parts.
His acts being seven *ages*." *Shakespeare.*

Come veterans, and let's agree,
That such commanders still should be.

Yes, let our officers be those,
Who bravely have encountered foes;
Let merit always take the lead,
Not to th' unworthy bow the head;
Gods! shall a stripling—a young man,
Sway the experienced veteran?
Shall he, who has much service seen,
And ever valiant too has been,
For want of int'rest be discarded,
For want of friends be unrewarded;
While he, who never service wrought,
Who never joined in an exploit,
Has, by the means of sordid gold,
Bought that, which never should be sold?
If merit cannot always claim
Promotion—where the soldier's fame?

As sailors, let our soldiers rise;
To valor ever give the prize;
And let no officers have sway
O'er men, who are more great than they,
But each commission be the test
Of real worth, not interest.

Thy judgment then, Sir D——d, prove,
And all improper acts remove,
And tho' beyond the age, thou art,
To take in war an *active* part,
Thy skill and penetration can
Declare, thou'rt still an *able* man:
For thou canst counsel, canst advise,
And be, like great Ulysses, wise;
Who, when strength fail'd him, had recourse
To stratagem, instead of force.
He served his country by his brains;
And therefore not a doubt remains,
By such wise men, should men be led.
For what's a chief *without a head?*

Establish then on a sure basis,
The army, while it now thy place is;
All partiality reject,
All little jealousies correct;
Be all thy regulations just,
And flourish then the army must.

The reader, who looks o'er this rhyme,
Must keep in memory, the time
When it was written, he may find
Some facts which he must call to mind.
If much of war, he hopes to read,
He will mistaken be indeed;
For tho' 'tis natural to suppose,
Whoever to an office goes,
Is on his business wholly bent,
And there delays with that intent;
Yet this is often not the case,
For many an office, is the place
Of conversation—and I wot,
That business sometimes is forgot.

At our chit-chat then, and our tale
Let no fastidious critic rail—
To make amends the Muse did fain,
And broke out in a rapturous strain,
Upon the Archduke Charles's name,—
For which is she too much to blame?
Could she foretel his overthrow,
Could she anticipate—foreknow
The dire vicissitudes of war,
Which, strange as various, often are!

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

Introduction to Canto Fifth.

TO

THE RT. HON. SP——R P——L.

July, 1809.

METHINKS you feelingly exclaim,
"No man can now insure his fame,
Since every madam, every sir,
'Bout trifles may create a stir;
Since harlots now, whene'er they choose,
Their kind protectors may accuse;
And when they find their money short,
To public calumny resort."
But why th' investigation court?

Why not the enquiries rather shun,
Than tell the world what had been done;—
Why not the scrutiny avoid,
Rather than secrets spread abroad?

Indeed, our reverends agree,
None in the world from sin are free:
Were we with scrutinizing eyes,
To mark and then to criticise;
Were we to pry into the thoughts
Of men—examine all their faults,
The works of darkness bring to light,
Who then could be esteem'd upright?
None could th' investigation bear,
Each man of sin must have his share.

Like thee, believe me, sir, the Muse
Would willingly the D—— excuse;
Not him—his friends she chiefly censures,
Who must have known all his adventures,

Who should, like friends, have been sincere,
And stopp'd him in his bold career—
Have candidly advised—forsooth!
One whom they look'd on as a youth
Have told him as a certain truth,
Whene'er a P—— a fair protects
A just allowance she expects;
For if not kept as she should be,
It is a slur on dignity:
The lady well may cry "For shame!"
The creditors may do the same;
The *keeper* only is to blame.
She's disappointed—and in debt
She unavoidably must get.—
If thus exposed to insults she,
What kind of a *protector* he!

As some, no doubt, a married D——,
For keeping favorites, would rebuke—
The Muse here offers a good plea,
And trusts it will admitted be—

Our P——s must, 'tis understood,
In marriage join with foreign blood;
Their inclinations are restrained,
In wedlock they are doubly chained!
'Tis natural that P——s, then,
Should passions have like other men;
That they should love, yes, I protest,
Their own dear countrywomen best;
This partiality they can
No otherwise demonstrate, than
By taking ladies into keeping,
And moral laws, by overleaping.
Then think on this, nor marvel they
So very oft should go astray—
Yes, think on this, nor marvel why
To English beauty P——s fly;
Th' offence, if any, is but small,
When thus in love these great men fall,
'Tis no great harm, I must aver
That native charms they shou'd prefer

That they should love a *Mary Ann,*
For every P—— is but—a man.

Thus P——l, your r——l friend,
You see, I'm willing to defend;
And trust I too, that you may yet
The victory o'er W—dle get.
The time will come, depend upon't,
When you may call him to account—
When you may prove him not the man,
He seemed to be, when he began
Another's character to scan.
Investigate his conduct pray,
And for himself what can he say?
Prove all that's past 'tween Mrs. Cl—e,
Since the enquiry, and this spark;
Call F——s Wr—ght, of Rathbone-Place,
And he will state, with serious face,
" Not the least hesitation made he,
A house to furnish for the lady:

For freely to my shop he came,
And made a bargain for the same;
But begged me to conceal his name,
Lest should the matter be made known
It might diminish his renown."
Call D——l Wr—ght, for I know well,
That the same story he will tell.
Of other witnesses there's many,
Call major D——d, and Mr. Gl—nnie;
And will it not appear then true,
That W—dle, a gallant is too?
For keeping Mrs. C——ke—why blame
The D—— of Y——? He's done the same;
Why blame the D—— because 'tis said,
He broke th' engagements he had made,
And for his kisses never paid—
Because he bade the fair adieu,
And his protection thus withdrew?
He's done the same—he has demurr'd
To pay the debt which he encurr'd:

The fair he also has cast off,
And makes her *truth* a public scoff.
Of course he then acquits the D——
And mars the task he undertook;
Has proved himself a very fool—
The lady's plaything, and her tool!
Rash man! henceforward, never try
To pluck out of a brother's eye
A trivial mote—ere thou discharge
Out of thine own, a beam that's large.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

Introduction to Canto Sixth.

TO

LORD ELL——ROUGH.

July, 1809.

Oh happy country, all must own,
Where partiality's not shown—
Where every man may claim his due
And for the same another sue—
No matter what—no matter who!
Blest constitution, all must say,
Where equity and justice sway—
Where every subject may be sure
His fortune and his life's secure;

No despot can the former seize,
No tyrant hang him—if he please—
Twelve honest men his fate decide,
And by a jury he is tried.

Then of our laws let none complain,
Or treat a jury with disdain;
That man betrays but little sense,
Who *out of court* makes his defence—
'Tis there and then—to prove he ought—
His adversaries are in fault;
Let him consider he stands then,
Before his God and countrymen;
That then's the time, and there's the place
He should corroborate his case;
If proof he do not then produce,
Future appeals are of no use.

Some times indeed—your Lordship must
Confess the observation's just—

The law admits of a dispute
And quirks occasion a non-suit.
Else could the members of the law,
Objections start—find out a flaw;
An instance we may here remark,
Videlicet—FEW *versus* CLARKE—
This Auctioneer, Mr. John Few,
Thought proper Mary Ann to sue
For money, *bona fide,* due—
But tho' the tradesman prov'd the debt,
Yet not a farthing could he get.
She prov'd she had a husband, tho'
She was not living then with *Joe;*
The plaintiff lost the cause of course,
Yes, lost his cause—and what was worse
The lady's costs he paid *per* force;
For soon into his house there came
An execution for the same.—

What afterwards tho' did he do?
A curious hand-bill up he drew,

Cautioning tradesmen not to trust,
The married lady—else they must
Lose ev'ry halfpenny of't indeed,
As she her coverture would plead—
Tho' she, or her mama cou'dn't tell
Where Mr. C—— then chose to dwell—
This in a letter he inclos'd,
Assuring her she'd be expos'd,—
If in a week she did not please
His just resentment to appease.

By this manœvure—by this threat,
Recover'd he his costs and debt;
With means chicanery supplied him,
To get—what late the law denied him—
For hurt was now the lady's pride,
Exposure she could not abide;
And rather than submit her name
To public ridicule and shame—
She paid a debt—a debt, I say,
Which now she had no right to pay;

Why did not W——dle do the same,
And learn prudence from this dame?
Had he by noble pride been spurr'd
Exposure he had not incurr'd.
He did not take a proper mode
For 'stead of paying what he ow'd,
He thought it proper to forget
He e'er had paid some of the debt;
Your Lordship the defendant blam'd
For having thus the bill disclaim'd,
Observing he thereby became,
Subject again to pay the same:
Indeed no wise part did he act,
'Twas foolish to deny a fact:
Especially as now Frank Wr—ght,
Has in his story brought to light
A circumstance which proves, I wot,
The bill could not have been forgot;
And what does Mr. Wr—ght aver?
(*Vide* NATIONAL REGISTER;)

Dishonor'd was the bill when due,
And Wr—ght the Colonel then went to,—
Who when this sudden news he heard,
All in amazement he appear'd;
Half of the cash he sent, he said,
The rest a friend was to have paid—
Behold—confession thus was made;—
From him the bill in question came;
By him was also paid the same.

But hark! the Contest now begins:
Then read, my lord, and see who wins;
To thee this canto I submit,
Who as a JUDGE can be more fit?

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO FIRST.

Gloucester Palace.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO FIRST.

Gloucester Palace.

Ingentem foribus domus alta, superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
Virgil. Georgics.

I.

Night threw her veil o'er Cupid's seat,
Fam'd Gloucester-Palace—love's retreat,
And Portman's-Square so green;
Now Paddington and Dorset-Street
(The brothels where both sexes meet,

And tumble beds, all soft and sweet,
In darkness lie unseen;
The watchmen, at Aurora's peep,
Drawling, "Past four," while half asleep,
Like lazy sluggards yawn;
Their lanterns to each door they raise
Which, with a farthing rush-light blaze,
Reflect the morning's dawn.

II.

In microscopic view, the trees
Ascend expanding by degrees
Their foliage more and more.
The matin light afforded means,
Of thus disclosing all those scenes,
Which were obscured before.
The servants from their chambers start,
They quick prepare each room;
And taking now an active part,
To show his skill and wond'rous art;

The porter with his broom
Sweeps out the passage and anon,
Hums, *Molly put the kettle on.*

III.

The chamber-bell he ringing hears,
He looks around, and soon appears
One of his lady's dearest *dears*,
Just risen out of bed.——
A soldier-lover too, I wist,
Who held a paper which he kiss'd;
Then of *promotion a long list*
With great attention read:
But having stoop'd, he unawares
From hinder part, upon the stairs,
A trumpet loudly blew;
The porter being rous'd withal,
Now warn'd his lady in the hall:
For well the *blast* he knew;

Then quickly did that lady call,
The house-maid cook, and servants all:

IV.

" Get ready breakfast, let me see
Some toast that's nice and brown;
Some new laid eggs prepare for me,
Plump and spermatic let them be,
The chariot bring, with ease and glee,
'Tis fit that we leave town;
Let Carter wait, and thrum on flute,
The Yorkshire-march a fit salute,
For lovey coming down.
In their obedience so precise,
Sped two maid-servants neat:
The cloth was laid now in a trice,
Eggs brought by Mary-Ann's advice,
And toast that was both brown and nice
The breakfast made complete.

V.

Along the hall P——e F——c trod,
Appearing like a demi-god;
Loose did his morning wrapper flow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a lover smart and keen,
And had in many a chamber been;
The smile upon his face express'd
That Cupid triumph'd in his breast,
His looks of love, and eye of fire
Betokened amorous desire;
But prudence still his actions sway'd,
He kiss'd—but then he never paid.
His breeches, evermore were bare,
In vain they're ransack'd by the fair;
No cash, nor even notes were there;
Perhaps nor ever since—
His empty pockets, always scant,
Show'd he was not extravagant,
But, in the night, a gay gallant,
At day, a prudent P——e.

VI.

Quite smart was he from top to toe,
In looks, and dress a modern beau—
And his white hand, which oft he laid
Upon his throbbing heart, display'd
A diamond ring—where, full of art,
A Cupid play'd a wanton part,
With bow prepar'd, and piercing dart.
E'en such a Cupid—who, to win
Compassion, cries *Pray let me in.*
The gay device, too, bore above
These words—"THE ALL OF LIFE IS LOVE."
White was the wrapper he did wear,
White ribbons deck'd it here and there;
The waistcoat, lovely to behold,
Was satin white, and trimm'd with gold.

VII.

The minstrels sing—perhaps 'tis true,
The splendent blaze of azure blue,
Now gleaming thwart the room,

From envious fay, or genie's rage
Predicted dire and sad presage,
Of what should be his doom.
The talismanic jewel brought,
The Prusian Princess to his thought;
In vain that thought to stem,
But then* remembering to forget,
He from his finger, took the gem
And gave it to his pet.

VIII.

The confidante of Mary-Ann,
And eke another of the clan;
From Farquhar's loins who sprung,
With sed'lous courtesies essayed
The tricks of widow, wife and maid.
Free converse flowed without restraint,
And little deary made complaint
Of French's faithless tongue:
Inflam'd by wrath, the Bishop swore
On bible crosier, staff and w——e,

* Vide Peter Pindar.

That master French's broken vow,
Should cost him dear if any how,
He play'd a game so basely dark,
And made a dupe of Mrs. Clarke.

IX.

Four servants of the Duke now wait
With messages, before the gate,
They brought their lord a change to wear,
And led along a sprightly mare;
A beast of mettle, that did prance
As if by *Astley* taught to dance.
One of these four—a lackey fam'd,
A German youth, LUDOWICK nam'd,
Like Mercury, was on the wing,
So ready to do any thing;
His master's boots, he in a crack,
Polish'd, and made them shining black.
Now other servants fill'd the place,
In liveries all trimm'd with lace;
Each wond'rous clever, knowing how

To give a letter, make a bow:
Each cou'd a glass of brandy swill,
And oft at cards, had won his fill;
Each had a lass, for ev'ry man
Will ape his master when he can.
Their dirty boots, now prov'd that they
Had come from *Weybridge* all the way.

X.

'Tis meet that I shou'd tell you now
How richly stor'd and order'd how
The house at Gloucester Place:
Magnificent, superb the plate,
Displaying more than usual state,
Which did the sideboard grace;
E'en the wine-glasses that were there
Cost each two guineas, they declare,
In none was there a flaw:
And the pier glasses too were such,
(They cost, oh, heaven knows how much)
No mortal ever saw!

XI.

A train of servants too there were,
All in rich liveries clad;
And every man-cook that was there
Each day a guinea had.
To welcome this their royal guest,
The maids were ready found;
For when the Prince the mansion blest
He spread good humour round:
"Welcome, brave Prince, to Glo'ster-seat,
Stout heart and open hand!
Well dost thou please our mistress sweet,
Thou flower of English land!"

XII.

A lady every morning came—
A lady of no little fame,
Whose manners were most sweet;
She kept a boarding-school, they say,
At *Chelsea*, therefore knew the way
A gentleman to greet:

She hail'd the P——e, and said, in truth,
He was the gayest, sweetest youth
A lady could desire.
And he, her kindness to requite,
Gave her a kiss with great delight,
While she pretended ire;
" For shame, P——e F——c; oh fie!
You see not what you do;
Don't you perceive the lady's by,
To whom that kiss is due."

XII.

'Tis said this modern gay D'Estree,
Ow'd to a royal refugee
The splendor of her plate:
And Wh——d a long tale confess'd
How once by Orleans posses'd,
It now had lost its WEIGHT.
Be this as't may, we can allege,
Convenient it was found to pledge,
O change, o sad mischance!

For princely F——c when he saw't
Foreswore the giving of a doit
To save the plate of France.

XIV.

Now plac'd erect in grandest chair,
The ladies at each side:
Caress'd he was by all the fair,
And Mrs. C——e thus cried,
" Dear Mrs. F——y, I beg
You'll hand the toast about
And give my dearest man an egg,
I wish him to get stout:
For he is kind, there's none more so,
The kindest e'er I saw;
And this to prove, you all must know
The case of Major Sh—we:
By my solicitation, he
Did his request obtain;
Five hundred pounds were due to me,
For which I ask'd in vain.

But when I told my sweet of this,
His love he did display;
For he that acted so amiss,
Was put upon half-pay.
Go, Mrs. F—v—y, I request,
And tell the cook I'll have
That little pig for dinner drest,
Which Colonel S—nd—n gave."

XV.

The toast was handed by the maid,
The golden egg-cups brought,
And on the table too, she laid
Some napkins, as she ought.
The mistress now began t'entreat,
That he would nothing spare,
But that his breakfast he would eat,
As if he lik'd his fare.
Now SAM came with his flute, and soon
He play'd thereon a fav'rite tune.

" Ah! sure a pair were never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature;
The Youth excelling so in mein,
The Fair in every grace and feature!
Oh! how happy to inherit
At once such beauty and such merit;
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature."

Scarcely P—— F——c's ear cou'd brook
The player's flattering lay;
Yet did he praise the pains he took,
And eke those pains repay:
For lady's suit and minstrel's strain
By P——e should ne'er be heard in vain.

XVI.

" Now, my good P——e," said Mrs. C——e,
" Of your fair courtesy,
I pray you let me have some mark,
And more good-natur'd be.

You see I am at great expence,
And very much in debt;
So, to support this consequence
Some money I must get.
My creditors enrag'd become—
Indeed they're not a FEW;
Believe me, that whene'er at home
I'm dunn'd for money due.
My servant knows how rudely now
These fellows rail and scoff;
Seldom hath pass'd a day, I vow,
She has not put them off.
For thee my passion has no bounds,
As every one may learn;
Pray let me have a thousand pounds"—
The Prince's brow grew stern.

XVII.

The lady mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave her friend a smile—
Under the arm she took the D—ke,
And chuck'd his chin the while.

" Come kiss me, love—a truce to strife;
But first I pray thee, fair,
Where hast thou left thy wedded wife,
At first the comfort of thy life
Whose beauty was so rare—
When last in Weybridge, Sir, we met,
The Duchess close I spied;
And often mark'd her cheeks were wet,
With tears she fain wou'd hide.
No common beauty she, I vow,
But matchless, we must all allow,
In truth, a Cyprian queen:
But happier far had been her lot
Far happier indeed, I wot,
Had she another husband got,
And ne'er this country seen.
Her skin is lovely to the sight,
Her bosom—when she sigh'd;
The habit shirt, tho' round it tight,
Cou'd scarce repel its pride.
Methinks her tender little feet
Are nicely formed and most complete,

A Chinese guard upon her:
I swear upon her tiny shoe,
I can no longer stay with you,
Regardless of her honor.
Say, do you mean your beauteous wife
In solitude to stay;
Or shall the partner of your life
Her charms abroad display?"

XVIII.

Prince Frederic ill cou'd brook such jest,
He roll'd his kindling eye;
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd
Yet made this calm reply:—
" That lady, whom you think so fair;
Can noisy London never bear;
In short, if more you wish to know,
She is at *Oatlands*—but so, so.
Enough of her—but madam, say,
When saw you Mr. D–wl–r, pray?
Does he a visit ever pay?—

Or does another, now his toast,
His favors and attention boast?"
A sarcasm this—for Mary Ann
Was said to love this gentleman.

XIX.

Unmark'd, at least unrecked, the taunt,
Careless the dame replied;
"No bird whose feathers gaily flaunt
Delights in cage to 'bide.
Though Gloucester Palace cut a dash,
The mansion may for want of cash
A hateful house become.—
A lady of my fame, you'll find,
Will go abroad to *raise the wind,*
When money's scant at home.
He who a lady's smiles wou'd reap
Must *pay* her for her love,
But *empty pockets* ne'er can keep
The dame inclin'd to rove,
For that man's vows are surely vain
Whose *breeches* never *aught* contain."

XX.

His darken'd visage now unbent,
The D— in voice of calm content,
And soothing accents spoke;
With ardor press'd the fair one's pulse,
More likely to relieve than Hulse:
The soft'ning balm with thrilling power
Dispell'd the gloom and check'd the shower,
Which on the fair carnation cheek,
Her sorrowing heart did full bespeak,
When thus the cloud he broke.
" Nay, though this William you approve,
I am not jealous, no, my love;
So far from that, my dear, I'll make
Him commissariat for your sake;
For this some cash will be your due,
And thus I'll serve both him and you:
Then pray you chuse some trusty friend,
On whom I safely can depend,
Whom Mr. D--wl--r, shall go to,
And tell him what he needs must do;

Hint what *in public* he should say,
And what *in private* he should *pay;*
The place will seem then, manag'd thus,
Not to have come, you know, from us."

XXI.

The Prince's words re-echoing rung,
And Mary's heart declared
Her joy, while thus her syren tongue
Announced her quite prepared.
" For such like need, my dear, I trow,
This house can find you friends enow;
As gentlemen of fashion pay
Their personal respects each day;
Here Colonels, Generals, Captains, call,
Besides my love, you know ods fillikins
I courted am by stately Nollikins.
Lieutenants, Major's, ensigns all
Among the army sure you'll find,
A friend must suit your warlike mind."

XXII.

"Now, in good sooth," Prince Frederic cried,
"The army ever are my pride;
No better friends can man desire
Than those whom martial deeds inspire;
But as *incog*, you know, I'm here,
These friends I should not see, my dear;
Were I, the chief commander, to
Encourage such an interview,
The act as shameful would appear
And justify suspicious fear,
Which currently asserts as true,
The profits shared are entre nous.
A broker wou'd be better far;
Or reverend clerk, unus'd to war;
Or country gentleman, or one
Suspicion cou'd not fall upon."

XXIII.

Now Mrs. Clarke, was at a stand;
And to her forehead put her hand.

" Fain wou'd I find the friend you need,
But cannot think of one indeed:
None of my servants can I spare,
Nor can I trust them, I declare.
And, though this house so many throng,
Few honest friends are them among.—
There is Sir James indeed---but then,
I have not seen him lord knows when:
To tell the truth, the baronet
And I once parted in a pet;
For he refus'd a debt to pay
Which on my word, is due to day:
I've creditors,---but then we must
Not trust those men who've given *trust:*
There's an attorney, whom, I own,
I, to my sorrow late have known;
But then, there's not a viler cheat,
No knave in London town so great.
There's Sam, indeed a better boy,
I think no person cou'd employ;

A welcome guest where'er he goes,
And every street and lane he knows;
And every lass that can bewitch,—
From *Piccadilly* to *Shoreditch!*
But then, the youth,---I needs must say,
Cannot be spared for ev'n a day;
For he's the life of all at home,
And sadly wou'd be miss'd by some,
So great a favorite he's become.
Miss T——r, saw him with, she said,
One of her pupils, on a bed;
When he, sans shoes and stockings fled;
And she has solemnly declared,
If e'er he kiss a girl she's rear'd
That her birch rod shall not be spar'd.
Seldom he's been at Chelsea since,
And would be glad to serve a Prince."

XXIV.

Now Mrs. Martha, who did look:
At both her mistress and the D---,

The word thus modestly up took;
" Dear Madam, we should all be sad
If half an hour we lost this lad;
He is a youth of mirthful speech;
Can many a game and gambol teach,
At *blindman's buff* he with us plays,
And witty things he always says;
Sings a good song at the first call,
And quite alive he keeps us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall.
He's rather wild indeed,---forsooth
A very rogue,--but then in truth
We could not live without the youth.
At boarding school, I certain am
The girls encourag'd master Sam.
Let the dear lad stay with us still,
Snug in the kitcken eat his fill,
Sing songs and do what'er he will.
One of your visitors, know I,
Wou'd at the Prince's beckon fly."—
" Indeed!" quoth Mrs. Clarke, " and pray
Who is it, dearest Favory say? "

XXV.

" There is a Doctor of great fame
Who has an O before his name,
And who, of course from Ireland came:
Who preach'd with wondrous eloquence
A sermon on *benevolence,*
Before the King; and 'twas so good,
His Majesty the whole time stood.
He *universal love* display'd,
And many observations made---
In short he's prov'd,--yes; prov'd to all
He knew the precepts of St. PAUL---
In Virtue's paths he's always trod,
A *wou'd-be* father he in God!---
For to a *mitre* he laid claim
A bishoprick was all his aim,
And which he would have had, we know,
But *crooked* letter tho' so *round!*
Because it had an Irish sound,
He lost it through his name with O.
Then I advise you, let him see
'Twere best begin his name with P.

Pliant in pimping like an osier,
He thus may yet obtain the crosier.

XXVI.

" The great Archbishop eke of Tuam
Bore testimony that he knew him;
And that he was, he did aver
A gentleman of character;
Of independent property,
And most distinguish'd pedigree.——
This were a friend a Prince might court;
But, when our Sam is in his sport,
As little, as the wind that blows
And warms itself against his nose
Knows he or cares which way he goes."

XXVII.

" Well," quoth the D—, " full loth I'd be
Sam's services to take from thee.
That merry fellow here shall stay
And with his favorites romp and play.
If this same pastor, as a friend,

Will on a message go,—
I give my word the *reverend*
On my endeavors may depend
To set aside the O.
I love those holy comrades; they
Can always merry make the day,
With song, romance, or joke;
Some jovial tale, or glee or jest,
Some lying legend at the least
Have they to charm the folk.
Nor helm alone nor blazon'd sword,
As emblems do I bear,
And tho' I wench, and sport and quaff
Mine is the mitre ring and staff;—
But hold, I pray what makes you laugh
Is it that Bishops break their word!
All do the same I fear."

XXVIII.

" Ah, gracious Prince," did Martha cry,
With slyest wink of sloe-black eye,

" This man loves merriment and wit
A great deal more than holy writ:
He's always acting some stage parts,
And oft at things unseen he starts.
We heard him once—though quite alone,
Exclaim, " The work goes bravely on;"
To *cousin Buckingham* talk'd he,
Though none was in his company.
" I feel it here," he says—it seems
He of the *mitre* always dreams.
Strange are his ways, I like them not,
Sam thinks the *mania* he has got:
No man in his right senses e'er
Would by *St. Paul* so often swear!
He sometimes says, and says, we own,
A truth, " I am myself alone."

XXIX.

" Well," cried the D—, " this rev'rend priest
At present I will try at least:

No matter, though he is half-crack'd,
He can our business well transact.
So, Mrs. F——y, let me see
The gentleman when next calls he."
The Doctor shortly shew'd his face,
Full of solemnity and grace:
In a new suit too, was he clad
Of black, and a large wig he had,
Which cover'd all his pate;
His looks did not his heart betray,
For he endeavor'd to display
A countenance sedate.
His hat was cock'd en clerical,
And fitted to a miracle;
A head, whose rotund form belied
The temperance of churchman's pride.
The cravat round his neck he wore,
Was tied with wond'rous art before;
In short his *tout ensemble* prov'd,
That what was good, he dearly lov'd.

XXX.

When as the Priest now grac'd the hall,
No gentleman was there more tall
Or had more dignity withal;
  Or seem'd more high and proud,
For no entreaty did he wait,
But entered quick the room of state,
And seeing F——c where he sate,
  With reverence he bow'd.
His frame so round, was plump to see—
His heart too beat—oh, yes with glee:
And while he stood 'fore royalty
  His eye-balls roll'd with joy—
Poor fool! the mother that him bare,
In his flush'd face and frantic stare,
  Had never known her boy.
Enthusiastic joy, we find
Has wondrous power o'er the mind,
For hope can run before the wind,
  And rubify the cheek!

Ambition leads to all extremes,
And tiptoe-expectation seems
T'amuse the heart, with idle dreams;
  Insuring what we seek.
Happy whom none of these befal,—
But this proud pastor felt them all.

XXXI.

Prince F——c did his wish declare;
The pastor said no pains he'd spare,
But wait on S——w, e'en the next day,
And tell him, he his debts shou'd pay.
" Tho' I to-morrow preach indeed,
And in the evening prayers must read;
  But them I'll hurry o'er:
Some babes must christen in the way,
With a sick woman too, must pray;
All shall be done without delay,
  As I have said before:
A couple then I have to wed,
Ere they together go to bed,

Their wishes to reveal.
Heav'n grant, I say, the joy they'll find,
May be of that pure, real kind
Which I this moment feel.

XXXII.

The cloth for dinner now was laid,
For the delicious pig all staid,
And on it a good meal they made
As did the cooks remark;
The wine and glasses then appear,
And Mary Ann drank to her dear,
The priest *returned thanks* with cheer,
Assisted by the *clerk*.
Out of his fob at length he took
His watch, and giving it a look;
This gave the hint he wish'd to go,
And in such cases we all know,
Apologies abound;
His stay they press'd—'twas, they aver'd,
Too soon to part, so nought was heard
But compliments all round.

XXXIII.

At a late hour Prince F——c rose,
Round his dear's neck his arms he throws;
Then, after a few kisses sweet,
(For lover's lips must always meet)
And lad and lass had stood upright,
To bid the visiter good night;
Prince F——c up his beaver took,
And gave his dear a tender look;
Kind compliments the hero paid,
The lady several courtseys made:
Then, moving slowly towards the door,
His German slave going before;
The parlour bell was rung and all
The servants crouded in the hall,
Which shook with the *ding-dong;*
And forming in this place a file,
They bow'd and scrap'd now all the while
His Highness march'd along;
Into the coach the Prince they put,
The coachman 'gan the steeds to cut,
And the street door the servants shut.

END OF CANTO I.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO SECOND.

The Boarding School.

CANTO SECOND.

The Boarding School.

O! when she's angry she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school,
And though she be but little she is fierce.

Midsum. Night's Dream.

I.

The sun, which swept away night's gloom,
Round Gloucester Palace play'd;
With his bright beams did he illume
The mansion, nay, the very room
Where F——c oft had staid.

And not in Gloucester Place alone,
But all about the Thames he shone,
Immensely bright and strong;
Whence from Westminster's cloister'd pile,
Making for Chelsea all the while,
A boat now cut along.
The gale which now the vessel drove,
Made it at last so briskly move
The boat began to dance.
The watermen, when they look'd back
With laughing made their sides to crack,
So quick did they advance.
Much cause they had indeed for glee,
For in their boat who shou'd there be,
But fam'd Miss T——r, all so fine,
With five sweet girls—the eldest nine.

II.

'Twas droll to see these little fools,
Free now from school, from rigid rules
Like birds let loose from cage.

How many and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the boat and all therein,
With many a remark most shrewd;
One at the waterman did grin,
As he tobacco chew'd.
Then laugh'd out loud—a hearty roar,
If water thrown up by the oar;
Herself or neighbour dew'd,
And one her tippet now would close,
For fear the breeze might aught expose;
Perhaps the waterman's rude eye,
Her pretty little breast might spy,
Perhaps, because the action grac'd
Her fair turn'd arm and pretty waist.—
Light was each bosom—without care
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,
The mistress and the teacher there.

III.

The mistress was (her birth to scan)
The daughter of a gentleman;
Who teaching ladies undertook,
Ere she herself cou'd read a book;
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair—but ne'er had seen
For her a royal lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love was a *noun*, which she defin'd
Common, not PROPER, in her mind.
Her only care, her chief concern,
Was to make girls their lessons learn;
The greatest grief that touch'd her heart,
Was when obliged to make them smart.
And her ambition's highest aim
Was that her school should have a name.
For this a fool's-cap she'd in store,
Which many a little lady wore.—
For this a rod was often made,
Which was on many a bottom laid.

She gave some sugar-plums and tarts,
To those who studied well their parts.
And in addition to their bliss,
The good young lady had a kiss.

IV.

Plain was her dress—for of her school
Simplicity had been a rule.
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,
Chiding, and manners so austere,
Had early quench'd the light of youth,
Yet kind the mistress was in sooth.
Though proud of her pedantic sway,
She lov'd to see her girls obey;
But never cross on holidays,
So that the ladies lik'd her ways.
It was for money she left home,
When she to Mrs. C—ke did roam,
Thence she dispatch'd a bill or two,
But did not get what was her due.

This was vacation time—she brought
Some ladies home whom she had taught;
And much she fear'd (the money lost)
She'd have to keep them to her cost.

V.

Of sister SARAH, I, indeed,
To say aught here, have little need.
Save she was kind—good humour'd—free,
Though as a teacher acted she:
She lost the object of her love,
And could no other since approve;
And as her father's means were scant,
As he could no allowance grant,
She had consented for a while
To undergo scholastic toil,
And thus obliged cross looks t'assume,
She had diminish'd beauty's bloom.

VI.

While in the boat she sat all prim,
Quite motionless was every limb;

Strict notice of the girls she took,
On each poor maid she fix'd a look,—
The least offence,—a seeming fault
Her instant reprobation caught;
A dirty nose,—an air of pride,
Or a round shoulder, made her chide.—
If e'er she saw a miss act wrong,
Or heard her hum a vulgar song;
If e'er she saw, though out of school
A lady titter like a fool,
She'd such an angry look bestow
As made her shake from top to toe.

VII.

Such discipline, we must confess,
Bespeaks a charming governess;—
Old men and women, all agree
With great king Solomon, that we
Our children should correct in time,
For every little or no crime;
To make them good, when in their prime,

So teachers never, 'tis a fact,
Can be too cruel or exact—
To make a naughty lady good,
She must be kept without her food;
Meal after meal,—'till she obey,
Or properly her lesson say;
And if needs must,—'tis fit that she
A prisoner in her room shou'd be.

VIII.

And now the boat was row'd so fast,
At Chelsea they arrived at last.—
The beaux and belles here passing by
Attracted each young lady's eye.
The Church was now beheld by all,
And likewise Chelsea Hospital;
Near which a building rose to view,
And which by right belonged thereto;
But was converted, though not meet,
Into a Colonel's country-seat.
They several tea-gardens saw,
Which company in summer draw:—

Where often common folk regale
On pots of beer or mugs of ale.
They with astonishment gaz'd at
Every new fashion, gown or hat;
Some did perhaps their fancy strike,
Others there were they did not like:—
Thus walked they, at a rate most slow
Till they at length reach'd CHINA-ROW.

IX.

The dust, for want of rain no doubt,
Had spread itself now all about,
For with the carriages and breeze,
It flew about as thick as peas.
And on this day, twice, if not more,
The servants swept before each door;
The dust still settled on the place,
And show'd of sandall'd feet the trace.
Thro' China-Row they scarce cou'd pass,
So incommoded was each lass;
At length the Boarding-School appear'd,
The sight the mistress only cheer'd,

For all the little girls agreed
It was a dismal house indeed.

X.

The Boarding School was neat and plain,
And but four rooms did it contain;
Some tester beds were here and there,
Arrang'd along the garret, where
  The little ones repos'd:
The room for school, altho' but small,
Was still the largest of them all
  As may be well suppos'd.
Upon the wainscoat was display'd
The needlework of ev'ry maid;
And some, which carefully were framed
Attention very justly claimed;
The subjects various; some, I wot,
From Thomson's Seasons had been got;
Others from Scripture—for, behold!
Susannah with the Elders bold,
And Moses in a bush on fire,
And Isaac kneeling 'fore his sire.:

In every corner on the ground,
A *Dyke* or *Entick* might be found,
For young beginners, there's no doubt,
Oft throw their spelling books about.
Some toys on every seat were left
And dolls, of hands or legs bereft;
Yet still the school unrivall'd stood,
For every girl was good.

XI.

Soon as the governess in popp'd,
Each pretty miss a courtsey drop'd;
And with a countenance all meek
And tears which fell upon the cheek
Humility she feign'd—
Though romping half an hour before,
And making a tremendous roar,
A general silence reign'd:
Now at their mistress's command,
The little ones in order stand;
The rest on errands run,—

Books, needlework, and every thing
The lady calls for, quick they bring,
And, as they thus are on the wing,
All in a crack is done.
The parlour-boarders, who were nigh,
Rush'd emulously to put by
The lady's hat and cloke.
Miss T——r having then sat down;
If she looked cross or seemed to frown,
The deuce a word was spoke.

XII.

Suppose we now all lessons said,
Suppose half-holiday was made,
Because of some birth-day;
In parlour, drawing room, or hall,
Or in the garden they ran all,
With skipping-rope, or cup-and-ball,
And had a merry play.
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp eastwind coldly blew

For 'tis in Chelsea always chill:
Then having skipp'd and play'd their fill,
They clos'd around the fire—
And all, in turn, began to tell
A fairy-tale which each knew well,
And which could never tire:
For be it known a miss can bear
A dozen times such tales to hear.

XIII.

Then a young lady bravely told,
How to a fair three lovers bold,
Together came to woo;
While one, to lose the charmer loth,
Said to the rest, "Have at you both,"
And with his sabre and an oath
His rivals madly slew.
Another lady also show'd
How *Whittington* in grandeur rode,
And to a cat that grandeur ow'd.

They also told a curious tale,
About a most tremendous Whale,
Which John Bull ran to view,
And oft in fair Miss T——r's face
That Whale was good
To stem the flood
Of popular grimace;
They told and wond'ring could not construe
How pleased she felt at such a monster.
A very monster it was thought,
Which off Gravesend was lately caught,
And crowds of people drew.
The folk, when aught their wonder raise
Will talk of it for many days.
They told of *Bluebeard,* who in strife
Cut off the heads of many a wife;
And in a chamber for a show,
The sculls he plac'd all in a row.—

XIV.

Nor did the grown-up ladies fail
To vie with these in simple tale

Of Monk Ambrosio, wicked, bold,
And all his gallantries, they told;
And of the *Ghost at Hammersmith,*
So many were alarmed therewith,
O'er fields and ditches jump'd each man,
As if they for a wager ran,
With looks of terror—pallid—wan!
Th' Ephesian Matron in its turn,
Was told—the young ones liked it well,
How for her husband she did mourn
But, wondrous tale to tell,
Though tears she o'er his coffin shed,
She took another in his stead,
(For one alive's worth two that's dead,)
And left the gloomy cell—

* * * * *

XV.

But fain the little girls wou'd ken,
If, still at night, fair Imogen,

Is for her perjury held tight
By brave ALONZO's angry sprite.
Such tales the muse of LEWIS told,
And said they might the ghost behold,
  And hear his horrid sound—
A dismal groan—a ghastly form,
Seen but, and heard when gathering storm
  And night were closing round—
Of this—as a romance of love,
Fastidious critics disapprove.

XVI.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene below:—
The servants had their sweethearts bid,†
And in the coal-hole they were hid
  More dark and nasty was that vault,
    Than the most filthy hut,—
  There many a child too for a fault
    Was threatened to be put—

† *i. e.* invited

And such the terror of the threat
The child wou'd cry more than when beat.
This hole, which chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was call'd the Place of Penitence,
Excluding air and light—
Was likewise visited by rats,
A place of courtship eke for cats;
For here they often met to woo,
A caterwauling rendezvous.—
'Twas now the hiding-place of love,
Whence not a soul was heard to move:
But all lay snug through fear,—
For up to hide, the sweethearts bounc'd
Whene'er a lady's foot announc'd,
That any one was near.

XVII.

Yet though well known was this coal-hole;
To all the girls,—yet not a soul
E'er ventured there to go,—

For only save the eldest, knew
Who in't was hid, and still more few
Were those, who had from her the clew
Why there she wish'd to go:*—
Naughty on purpose was this fair,
And order'd to be lock'd up there;
With Sarah, therefore, she was sent
Unto this place of punishment,—
Where nasty cobwebs cover'd o'er
The wall, which were by time half wore,
And by voracious vermin tore.
The coals, a chaldron, one by one,
Were every minute rolling down;
The grate, covering the hole above,
Which none but coal-porters e'er move—
So clodded was with dirt, I ween,
That little light there came between;
And which but dimly serv'd to shew
How very dismal 't was below!

* Such is the rhyme (if rhyme it can be called) in "Marmion,"—page 96.

XVIII.

There, snug and easy to remain,
Were plac'd as snug, the sweethearts twain.
The servants who had thrust them in,
Seeing their mistress, did begin.
For miss to intercede,
But miss ere she would now obey,
Declar'd in the coal-hole to stay,
She was content indeed.
The cook who suddenly did sweat,
Fearing they'd execute the threat;
Approach'd the door, all terrified,
And when desired to ope it wide,
She fastened it the more.
The waiting woman, as I guess,
By her smart air, and flashy dress,
Began to sooth the governess,
And stand before the door.
But she, the mistress, at whose sight
The little ones oft shake with fright,
Whose frown strikes every one with awe,
Whose word is absolutely law—

Whose look is stern and hard;
Miss T——r in a furious style
Cried "Ope the door," and miss, the while,
The coal-hole door unbar'd.

XIX.

Before them stood a guilty pair,
But tho' an equal fate they share
Yet one alone deserves our care:—
His age an old man's dress belied;
A kerchief round his neck he tied,
To hide the face he could not hide.
His hat down o'er his face he drew,
And in his shirt he had
A diamond pin he hid from view,
Which F——c gave the lad—
But, by Mis T——r being bid,
The kerchief Sarah soon undid,
That half his face conceal'd;
She took the hat too off his head,
His cheeks with blushes overspread
The naughty boy reveal'd.

SAM C——R they perceiv'd—the spark
Who serves, as footman, Mrs C——ke,
Whom they concluded now to be
At Gloucester Palace, in high glee.

XX.

When thus his face was given to view
(Which when compared to the pale hue;
Of the poor trembling waiting maid
A curious contrast then display'd)
His steady eye and his fix'd look
A very statue now bespoke,
So crimson'd were his cheeks the while
That were it not for a forc'd smile—
And for his eyes, which now and then
The youth wou'd shut, then ope again;
Were't not for these, which plainly prov'd
A living youth that slightly mov'd,
You wou'd have thought there was, I swear,
The figure of Adonis there.

XXI.

His comrade was a bold gallant
  Such as wou'd venture any where,
And if by his deceitful cant
A rival he cou'd e'er supplant,
  He not a pin did care.
One, whose love-flame so rapid burns
That it is in and out by turns.
Such lovers Cupid ever needs
To do the most adventurous deeds.
For them no difficulties scare,
They're unacquainted with despair;
One fear with them—of all most base,
The fear of *kicks*—alone finds place.
This man wore a grand livery,
And not ashamed indeed was he
His eyes to rivet upon miss,
And look, as if he lack'd a kiss.
While his mute partner, standing near,
Did not so much as view his dear.

XXII.

Yet well the lad might hang his head
Well might he woman's vengeance dread,
For it was plain—the mistress swell'd
With rage when she these youths beheld.
Who ever hears her tongue begin
Will ne'er, I ween, admire its din.
On each she cast a surly look,
And chid the waiting maid and cook.
Round each, to have an ample scent
A snarling pug now furious went,
Who barking loudly at each youth,
Shew'd the grim entrance to his mouth.
Backwards and forwards how he pac'd,
Then sniff'd and every footstep trac'd;
Scrap'd all the coals too, as it were,
To see if more gallants were there.

XXIII.

These pug-dogs, every body knows
To strangers are most bitter foes.

And with vexation and despite;
The more you coax them, bark and bite.
But when they meet with any threat,
And are afraid of being beat
They under table hide;
Then, as meer bullies, they begin
To snarl incessantly and grin,
At any body that walks in,
Or whom they can't abide.
And pug was much displeased, because
He saw his mistress angry was,
That in her house should come two men;
She knew not how, and knew not when.

XXIV.

And now Miss T——r turned round,
To call in the patrol,
And send to prison those she found
Conceal'd in her coal-hole.
But stopp'd—because the trembling youth
Attempted now to ope his mouth.

Twice he attempted, but in vain,
His accents cou'd no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip,
From his convuls'd and quivering lip,
'Twixt each attempt no noise was heard,
A Quaker's meeting it appear'd,
For not a word was spoke;
And tho' in kitchens words abound,
Yet now you could not hear the sound,
E'en if a pin fell to the ground,
For no one silence broke.

XXV.

At length he resolution took,
And more compos'd became his look;
His eye too sparkled bright,
For pleasure gladden'd all his face,
When miss he saw, by whose disgrace—
Nay, art indeed—his lurking place
Had thus been brought to light.
And when his silence broke at length,
Still as he spoke he gather'd strength

Their chiding tongues to bear;
It was a curious sight to see
Such counterfeited modesty,
Before so many fair.

XXVI.

" I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I, for one minute's space
Successless might I sue;
Nor do I speak to win a smile,
For if the ways of man are vile,
As prone and subject to beguile
The ways of women too.
I listen'd to a lady's tongue.
And though from noble parents sprung,
For three long years did I agree
A footman in her house to be;
And well my service is repaid
For *ensign* I shall soon made,
Though my commission is delay'd.

For those whom she had made her care,
And thought that they had cash to spare,
Forgot their vows—withheld their cash,
And my poor mistress left to smash.
'Tis a bad job, and oft the case,
The world are all alike—CORRUPT!
Had I my will, those fellows base
Should ne'er again see Gloucester-Place,
Where oft they've din'd and supp'd.

XXVII.

"The Prince approv'd his favorite's list,
But several of them, as I wist,
Their promises ne'er kept;
So much our mistress is in debt,
That we, just now, some cash to get,
To the *pawnbroker's* stepp'd.
Sad to relate,
I've pawn'd the plate,
And every precious thing of state.

But all of no avail;
The duns, who still our house invade,
Cry, " Mrs. C——ke, we must be paid,
Or you shall go to jail."
Say ye, who preach of all that's good,
Of honor and of gratitude;
Say, is this treatment just?
When she to Colonel F——ch was true,
Some compensation was her due,
In which she put her trust;—
How false his vows—her hopes how vain—
This bag of letters can explain ;"
Then shew'd a parcel, and anon,
Paus'd to take breath and thus went on:

XXVIII.

" Thus F——c's darling has been us'd,
Thus by the gentlemen abus'd,
Who came to dine and sup—
" Oh, is it so? " the P—— cried out,
" If F——ch don't mind what he's about
His *levy I'll cut up.*"

This news to tell—my friend and I,
Slipp'd in as we were passing by,
And with the story so did cry
We wish'd not to be seen—
And my friend *Davy*, you must know
In every circumstance of wou,
Is troubled with the *head-ach* so,
No pain can be more keen;
His memory fail'd him and I wot,
Home to return he quite forgot.

XXIX.

" This is the truth, for I despise
Privarication and *gross lies*,
My rank is not become so high,
I am no general,
That step may teach to feign a lie
Which some imprudence call.
On this account, upon my soul,
You found us both in the coal-hole.

Had I succeeded in my rounds,
And got from F——h *two hundred pounds,*
A note of hand—at ten day's date
You'd not have seen me in this state.
Now ladies, censure if you please,
Your rage I'll seek not to appease,
For tho' you chide and laugh to scorn,
They are but words which can be borne.

XXX.

" Yet do not think that I'm a fool,
Because you keep a boarding-school.
Prince F——c knows how skill'd I am,
And will no doubt promote his *Sam;*
Then may you wish, but wish in vain,
I were your visitor again.
Against *corruption* you may rail
But be assured, all flesh is frail—
I came not here to *bribe* a maid,
For *trafficking* is not my trade.

That art I know not—no—I say
No more than my lord C———h,
Who never heard of, never knew,
Trafficking brokers, and, 'tis true,
All brokers are to me unknown,
Except *pawn-brokers*——that I own."

XXXI.

Kind was his look and mild his air,
While he address'd the wondering † pair—
The dimples, which adorn'd his face
Now seem'd to heighten every grace;
His countenance no guilt betray'd,
His manner plainly too display'd
That, by no means, was he afraid.
The servants stood in great surprise;
The little girls, with stupid eyes,
Gaz'd on the gentleman-like form,
And listened for th' avenging storm.

† Sisters.

Miss Sarah now hung down her head,
No eye was rais'd—no word was said—
Till thus miss T——r silence broke,
And most emphatically spoke:
" Sister, come up stairs I pray,
Master Sam, go you away."
Then from the kitchen, where they'd spread
So much astonishment and dread,
Pac'd forth the ladies three;
Sorrow it were and shame to tell
What little miss up stairs befel,
Her little bottom smarted well—
What pain and misery!

XXXII.

The sweethearts made a sure retreat
And soon they got into the street;
But ere they breath'd the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of the fair,
On whom the rod was laid;

With speed they to their heels now take,
(Such speed as youth and fear can make)
But much lamented for the sake
Of the poor suffering maid.
Tho' now they had approach'd Hyde-Park,
And it became quite sombre dark;
They seem'd poor miss's cries to hear
Her sorrows dwelt upon their ear,
For tho' by her misconduct came
Their late discoveries and shame,
Of this all recollection's lost,
Her sufferings their thoughts engross'd.
And still they thought upon the fair
Till they arrived at Portman-Square;
Then must'ring strength renew'd their pace
And quickly came to Gloucester-Place,
Pug put his nostril at the door
Listed behind, aside, before,
And then began to bark and roar—
And when he ceased—for minutes still
The sound continued—'twas so shrill.

END OF CANTO II.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO THIRD.

The Castle Inn.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO THIRD.

The Castle Inn.

—— Must I burrow here with brutes,
My haunts broke in upon—my cause disturbed.

Mountainon.

—— O, you shall see him laugh 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shakespeare.

Now with his friends Prince F——c rode—
And on the way his mentor shew'd
The consequences and disgrace
Of his amour in Gloucester-Place.

He fail'd not shrewdly to remark
Th' extravagance of Mrs. C——ke,
And hinted she might use his name
In ways injurious to his fame.—
Another theme he dwelt upon,
A prosecution for *crim. con.*
For Mrs. C——ke, his favorite lass,
He heard was married at Pancras,
As wife she liv'd at Pantonville;
Her husband too was living still;
And often seen in Chancery-Lane—
Who'd venture any thing for gain.
He likewise fear'd the lady fair
Told fibs, and fibs he cou'd not bear,
Thus A-d-m eloquently strove
To shake his R——l H——ss' love;
And much the P—— began to grieve
To hear such tales about his *Eve.*†

† We do not mean to insinuate that the lady was the authoress of the D——'s *original sin;* but the name is very appropriate to the female, who occasioned his FALL.

But while discoursing on the way
Before them, at the close of day,
Was Weybridge-Road, where *Oatlands* lay.

II.

Now here it was not in their pow'r
To spend an hospitable hour.
They cou'd not this affair, before
The cautious D——ss, think of more,
For she, as well we might suppose
Wou'd at such themes turn up her nose.—
Fresh horses got, they did proceed,
To Richmond with such wondrous speed,
That they drove past the church indeed
Before th' approach of night;
And to the *Castle* did repair,
Where the best wine and hearty fare,
A Prince might well invite.
Down from the chaise they quickly sprung
With noise of bells the tavern rung.

The steeds unharnassed now are led,
Into the stable where they're fed.—
For different viands then they call
And various clamor fills the hall:
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils every where the bustling host.

III.

Now, by the chimney's merry blaze
The company their voices raise,
Now ancedotes and jests abound,
And now the hearty laugh goes round,
Betokening social cheer;
Before them was a supper plac'd
The table was with chickens grac'd,
And savoury haunch of deer.

* * * * *

In a grand chair, of antient state,
On cushion-bottom F——c sate,

And viewed around the blazing hearth
His followers mix in noisy mirth,
Whom with *old port,* in rosy tide,
From crusty bottles ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Their's was the glee of mirth refin'd,
And laughter their's of social kind,
And oft Prince F——c deign'd to aid,
And join the harmony they made.
For tho' with men of high degree,
The greatest of the great was he:
Yet being *chief commander,* none
In company more brilliant shone.
All love such rulers to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy—
The first in war to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower;

Such a field-marshal needs must prove
An object of respect and love.

V.

Now with his hand upon his head,
A stranger loll'd aside,
The *leeks* which o'er his brow were spread,
His visage served to hide.
Still fix'd on F——c was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze cou'd brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
Not aw'd however by looks askance,
(Tho' often met th' encountering glance)
The stranger's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard, the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and col'nel saw
The stranger's face, so great their awe,

Their harmony declin'd;—
All gaz'd at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear,
Another, wondering in his fear
Thus whisper'd forth his mind;
" For heaven's sake that figure *quiz*,—
Such an austere, forbidden phiz,
No one has ever met than his,
In all the world, I'm sure,
Full on the D—— he sets his eye;
Not for his salary wou'd I
That sullen look endure."

VII.

But F——c, as to chase the awe,
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw,
Whene'er the wax-lights fiercely blazed,
The stranger, who so sternly gazed,
Now call'd upon a squire:—
" Come, G—w—d, know'st thou not some lay
To speed the ling'ring nights away,
We slumber by the fire?"

" Indeed," the gentleman rejoined,
" A sweeter voice we've left behind;
Ill may I hope to please your ear,
Accustom'd C——y's strains to hear.
Her harmony, we all know well,
E'en *Catalani's* can excel.
Such are her heavenly strains, no thrush
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush;
No nightingale her love-lorn tune,
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Ah! wou'd to heav'n, your Highness, we
Were blest with so much melody;
For she can give in notes which move,
Come live with me and be my love;
But now must I supply her place;
And sing, tho' not with equal grace!
Bellona's agent fain would chuse
The minstrel's *office* to refuse,
No cent per cent being on the muse.

VIII.

Squire G—w—d had a mellow voice,
And a wild song was now his choice.
Such in the *Haunted Tower* I heard,
When BRAHAM on the stage appear'd;
Our hero did not raise a *storm*
Like INCLEDON,——but as REFORM
Was now the subject which he chose,
A subject which has been—Heav'n knows!—
The *Crown-and-Anchor's* subject, since,—
He cou'd not fail to rouse a Prince.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,—
Now a wild chorus swells the song.
Such are the strains which give delight,
When jolly topers meet at night,
And having freely drunk their wine,
To mirth and harmony incline;
'Tis then the Bacchanalian throng
Call on each other for a song.

IX.

Song.

" Why so dejected prove,
Fond, foolish lover?—
Throw off the chains of love,
Your freedom recover.
'Tis the life of a spark,
Ever to vary,
Then forget Mrs. C——e
For Mrs. C——y.

CHORUS.

Sweet Mrs. C——y,

" Shall a commander brave
Forget his duty,
And be ever a slave,
To love and beauty:
For frail woman, I swear,
None make a pother,

If unworthy one fair,
Then get another.

CHORUS.

Yes, get another.

X.

" To *reform's* the best way,
Cries every sage one;
For *corruption* they say
Spreads like contagion—
Then no longer repair
To the vain Mary;
There are others as fair,
Yes, Mrs. C——y.

CHORUS.

Yes, Mrs. C——y.

" Mrs. C——e, every wile,
Knows, in as much as
She, in such a grand style,
Lives like a DUCHESS—

If you still prize her charms,
No one will spare you—
Then pray take to your arms
Sweet Mrs. C——y.

CHORUS.

Sweet Mrs. C——y."

XI.

It ceased—the heart-inspiring sound—
And silence sunk on all around.—
Cutting the air—more cutting still
It was to F——c's ear,
And pained as if disgrace and ill
And scrutiny were near.
Away he turned awhile his face
And seem'd now at a stand,
Then rested with his head a space,
Reclining on his hand.

His thoughts I scan not, but I ween,
That could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would not have felt such misery,
B——p of O——— to be.

XII.

High minds of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse;
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave.
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writhe beneath the smart,
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon prince F——c rais'd his head
And smiling to squire G—w—d said;
" Is it not strange, that as you sung,
Seemed in mine ear strange noises rung,

Such as the din of hostile arms,
Which in the field, sounds war's alarms.
  Say, what may this forebode?"
Then thus the stranger silence broke,
(Till now a word he had not spoke)—
  "A bold attack, by G—!"

XIII.

F——c, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er chang'd in worst extremity;
F——c, whose impatient soul
A parent king could ne'er control;
Whose very accents of command
Dismay'd the heroes of the land;—
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now,
Fall'n was his glance and flush'd his brow:
  For either in the tone,
Or something in the stranger's look
So full upon his conscience strook,
  That answer he found none:
Thus oft it haps that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,

A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech commands the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave,

XIV.

Well might he ponder, Gloucester-Place
Had been the scene of traffic base;
Not that he had, I wot, a share
Of this said traffic with his fair;
But, tired to hear his *darling* chide,
Threaten by turns—entreat—deride—
And vex'd that she was so in debt,
He let her take what she cou'd get;
Indeed a thousand pounds *per* year,
Such vast expences could not clear.
Besides her town-house, she'd a seat
At Weybridge, furnished so complete,
The oil-cloth in the hall, 'tis said
Cost more than fifty pounds——when paid.

She kept two coaches, tho' no doubt,
She could in only *one* ride out;
Not for the want of steeds, I ken—
Horses she kept, from eight to ten—
And twenty servants too she had
Who must be fed, be paid, and clad.
Their wages—liveries so gay—
A thousand pounds could not defray,
E'en senatorial KEEPERS gaz'd,
At such establishment amaz'd;
Wo to the man tho', who should dare
To pry into this love-affair.

XV.

His mind was fixed—he was resolv'd
To leave the fair, since so involv'd.
But roused by what his friends had told,
And by the stranger's manner bold,
Whose words, so ominous and drear,
Still seem'd to echo in his ear.—

T'encrease his every fear and doubt,
Strange tales he thought might go about,
And MARY ANN, once so belov'd
Now object of his hatred prov'd,
Unworthy of his future care
Or his *protection* more to share;
Loaded with debts—afraid that she
Might in a spunging-house soon be:
But resolution stronger grew
And prompted him what he shou'd do.

XVI.

" Alas," he thought—" how rash my choice;
How rash to listen to her voice.
I condescended names to read,
And to *promotions* too agreed;
When the *Gazette* e'er met her eyes,
The blood e'en in her cheeks would rise;
Fierce and unfeminine, were there,
Frenzy for joy—for grief despair,

I am to blame—who never show'd
My sway at home, my smiles abroad:
"Wou'd," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I ne'er had pluck'd this fatal rose;
Oh why should man's attachment be
The cause of so much misery!
A separation, I well know,
Will bring about a deal of woe.
Yes, when the news my agents tell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell;
How brook the fatal word—to part—
How quit her splendor—there's the smart—
House, equipage—all, all, I say"—
And twice he rose to go away,
And twice his friends a bumper fill,
And begg'd that he would sit down still:
And twice he thought, "I must assuage
By cunning promises her rage;
The fair must doubtless have my *word*,
A proper pension I'll afford."

XVII.

While thus great F——c's heart was rent
With apprehension, discontent,
Which e'en like tempests had such sway,
They bore down all was in their way.
The landlord, who the stranger heard,
Now talkative, took up the word—†
"You, Sir, whose wisdom so prevails,
Are, I'm persuaded, come from WALES,
To visit this our land;
No doubt, your countrymen have sent
Your honor here to Parliament,
If right I understand.
Since you have talk'd of an *attack*,
Why, I can mention one—good lack!
At Covent-Garden—which, egad,
'Most set the *Prince of Denmark* mad."
This intimation was enough,
(Folks love to hear a landlord's stuff)

† Let the critic who finds fault with this rhyme see Marmion, p. 150.

And F——c giving licence cold,
His tale the landlord gladly told.

XVIII.

The Landlord's Story.†

"I need not here your honors tell,
For you must all remember well,
That late in Covent-Garden stood
A Playhouse built of brick and wood,
Where master BETTY oft perform'd,
And like a *little* hero storm'd—
When he in *Barbarossa* play'd,
TOM THUMB he sure of *Selim* made—
Then burlesque tragedies we view'd
And burlesque comedies ensued;

† The story told in the original, admits of so close and apt an imitation by introducing the humorous tale of oust and possession, which lately occurred at Covent-Garden, that we could not let slip the pleasing opportunity.—Besides, the tale is closely in point with the story of ejectment from the Horse Guards.

For such the dramas of this stage
That five-act farces were thea rge—
Here childish spectacles were seen,
Here *Mother Goose* commenc'd her reign;
Ghosts, witches, fairies, all danc'd here,
To charm the *eye*—but not the *ear:*
For sense and reason now had fled,
All show and pageantry instead;
And I have heard my grandsire say
That when he last went to a play,
The entertainment was so vile,
So flimsy and so puerile,
Compos'd of spectres—charms and spells,
'Twas only fit for *Sadler's Wells.*

XIX.

" Close to the gall'ry door, which ran
The *Bow-Street* way—a publican;—
A *struggling* brother, long had liv'd,
And of his house a lease receiv'd,

He to support himself and wife,
And children, led a bustling life;
And was undoubtedly of use,
As oft he wash'd down *Mother Goose;*
For he the folk us'd to regale
With bottled porter, stout, and ale.
In truth 'twas a commodious spot
And customers he always got;
Between the play and farce had he
Variety of company.
For probably this play was *dry,*
Which made them to the strugglers fly;
In short here many a lad and lass
Took a refreshing, hearty glass,
And then return'd—all in good time
To see the merry Pantomine.
The entertainment being o'er,
He still had company as before;
And oft good judges have confest
His *entertainment* was the best.

XX.

"While thus our hero was employ'd,
A conflagration all destroy'd;
Of play-house—strugglers, every stick
Was by the flames demolish'd quick—
What wine was lost, what charming scenes,
The dresses too of kings and queens!
Stage-properties flew here and there,
Triumphal cars rode in the air;
How ROLLA look'd with anguish sore,
For he no bridge had to run o'er—
"I grieve," he said, his voice was hoarse
And broken seem'd its hollow force—
"I grieve these flames shou'd burn so bright
This is indeed a sorry sight."
In vain the engines water rais'd,
For still the fire more furious blaz'd;
Nor did it to go out begin
Till naught remain'd to keep it in.

XXI.

"Soon on the ruins they began
To build, on a superior plan,
Another theatre; the which
Was to be far more grand and rich.
Our mathematic Roscius tho'
(Whose looks form angles with his toe)
Would not consent to build the school,
By any but MASONIC rule;
Admitted then to masonry,
He played the *tale of mystery*.
But strange, these judges so profound,
Monopoliz'd the Struggler's ground;
Some hundreds for his lease he wanted—
Which H——s would no doubt have granted;
But the wise *Prince of Denmark* thought,
The fellow had no right to aught.
No right indeed—for, without doubt,
There was no house,—he was burnt out.
"Gramercy" quoth his highness now
"His lease is nothing worth I vow;

Good H——s listen but in peace,
This DUNNING fellow lost the lease,
That fire which burnt dramatic skill,
Spared not the work of lawyer's quill.
And by my hopes that soon I may
Again at Covent Garden play,
Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
This man's request shall be denied."
His bearing bold the work-men view'd,
And thus well pleas'd, his speech renew'd;
" That's right my honest lads, make haste,
For not a moment must we waste;
I trust you will the contract heed,
For next September, 'tis agreed
This edifice shall be complete,
An undertaking truly great—
Rub but my trusty genius' lamp
And quick this paltry knave shall vamp;
Then haste, and soon into the skies
Shall shrew'd Aladdin's palace rise.

Dispatch, my hearty lads, pray do,
I'll change my *old lamp* for a *new.*
And I'm resolv'd, if he don't pay
His rent by the next quarter-day,
That he shall suffer durance vile,
Shall lie in prison for a while;
And when in *kimbo*—how can he
Then go to law and lawyers fee?"

XXII.

" Soon the poor man arrested was,
This rather aided tho' his cause;
If he'd no house—then we must say
He had of course no *rent* to pay—
A case most novel it appear'd,
And therefore lawyers volunteer'd—
In court the case was argued on,
They prov'd that tho' the house was gone,
The *ground* was there, and, day and night,
To stay thereon he had a right—
They prov'd that if another came,
And rais'd a building on the same,

That building—the materials all,
Every brick that form'd the wall,
Were *bona fide* the *lessee's,*
Therewith to do what he might please.
Now this was a great point of law
None of the managers foresaw—
Or the *box-entrance,* on this spot,
They never would have made, I wot,
But thus it is—ev'n men of schools—
The wisest men are often fools.

XXIII.

" The sheriff in his carriage came,
To give the publican his claim—
The ground was prov'd without a doubt
Where stood his house, and measur'd out;
The length and breadth precisely cut,
And he was in possession put;—
Yes, in possession, I declare,
And now 'tis—*Turn him out, who dare!*

Again the Struggler is *at home*
Which was fine merriment for some—
The workmen now were all amaz'd
But more especially they gaz'd,
When barrels were brought in;
Now numbers came, and the brown *stout*
Was handed merrily about,
Which made them laugh and grin.
And with his *stout,* six-pence a pot,
A handsome livelihood he got.
The managers all in a pet
For consultation quickly met—
'Twas the best way, they now agreed,
To his proposal to accede.——
But all in vain—he would have more,
Much more than what he ask'd before.—
Mad, very mad, *Octavian* look'd,
So ill he this extortion brook'd—
And 'twas a speech of *Shylock* COOK's—
"*How like a* PUBLICAN *he looks.*"

XXIV.

"The managers in silence griev'd
For paid he must be, they perceiv'd,
His full demand—because, if not,
Too well they knew that from the spot
He never would go out—
And still the publican would say,
"Five thousand pounds, if you don't pay;
I here will sell my *stout*."—
They durst not move a brick or stone;
And he, his dwelling to make known
By hand-bills did contrive—
All flock'd to see the measur'd ground,
And all laugh'd heartily who found
The Struggler still alive.—
That he did right, each man agreed,
Save the concern'd—who thought indeed
That the attack was bold—.
But an agreement soon was made,
And the five thousand pounds were paid—
Gentiles, my tale is told."

XXV.

Deep were the glasses—the wine strong,
And on the story the gay throng
Had made a comment sage and long—
But F——c gave a wink;
And with the Prince his friends retire—
A private room was his desire,
One bottle more to drink.
Uninterrupted there to be,
Where they might argue and be free,
And talk now all those subjects o'er
Which they had touch'd upon before,
'Bout Mrs. C——y, Mrs. C——e,
Without a stranger's rude remark.

XXVI.

Now strenuously his friends began
To rail against his Mary Ann;
And Billy A—m pray'd him hard
The lady quickly to discard;

He said he'd wait upon the fair,
And the necessity declare
Of his renouncing Gloucester-Place,
And never seeing more her face.
In this entreaty G—w—d join'd,
For he was of his colleague's mind;
But as it was a tender theme,
He spoke in accents of esteem;
He knew the subject needs must move
One who was head and ears in love—
But ere his wish he'd fully spoke
The Prince's voice the subject broke.

XXVII.

"G—w—d, let's go—I cannot stay,
Our landlord's fill'd me with dismay;
I feel myself in a wild mood,
The air must cool my feverish blood,
And fain wou'd I depart with speed.
This cursed inn I hate indeed.

I fear that, by and by, 'twill prove,
I shall pay dearly for my love.
For Mrs. C——e, —it is a fact,
A pension doubtless will exact;
Perhaps five thousand pounds a year,
'Twill be another tale, I fear,
For prating knaves—but take care, pray
Don't let them think that aught they say
Cou'd give me any pain or grief,"
While whispering thus went on the chief—

XXVIII.

"Take care, my worthy friends, take care,
For now I know the danger well,—
Ne'er to confide in any fair,
For tho' they fondle, vow and swear,
Yet they may secrets tell.
My word and honor here I give,
If I with Mrs. C——y live,
I'll not be wheedled and cajol'd,
Nor shall she my concerns be told;

For love should be a private scene
And not with business intervene.
Oh, shame! they're fools—if fools there be
Who are too credulous and free;
Who listen when a lady speaks,
And gives her every thing she seeks."
This said, he the postilion sought,
And left the inn as quick as thought.

XXIX.

Squire G—w—d followed him abroad,
And marked his gestures on the road,
And listened to the sighs he heav'd;
Till, at their sounds' decrease,
He judg'd that he, no longer griev'd,
But was at length at peace.
Wonder it seemed in the squire's eyes,
That one so wary held and wise—
Of whom 'twas said—that he cou'd ne'er
In any one *corruption* bear,

Shou'd, mov'd by idle love;
Now, of *corruption* the most base,
Which had of late years taken place;
A sad example prove.
But little Mr. G—w—d knew,
That love can, in an hour or two,
Unfix the strongest mind.
From thought to thought we ever flee,
And tho' we boast of company,
Are wavering and blind.

XXX.

No more upon this theme was said,
Nor any observations made;
To town they drove with utmost speed—
For with his whip, each flying steed
Did the postilion lick.—
No law it seems was there in force,
'Gainst cruelty to a poor horse;
So home they soon arriv'd of course,
Which pleased P—— F——c.

Down quickly from the chaise he sprung—
So quick—well nigh, he trod in dung;
Bade all farewel and homeward ran,
And said no more of MARY ANN!
But still his manners plainly prov'd,
That he was much chagrin'd and mov'd;
And well might Billy A—m guess,
The cause of his conceal'd distress;
For often had he sent, he knew
A sweet, and tender *billet doux*—
And well might dread the consequence
Of giving Mrs. C——e offence;
For tho' a *darling angel* she,
When vex'd—a *devil* she might be,
Might all these amorous strains expose,
And thousand secrets too disclose;
Might advertise—if slighted so—
The whole—*pro bono publico*.

END OF CANTO III.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO FOURTH.

The War Office.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO FOURTH.

The War Office.

I could a tale unfold——
Will harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end;
Like quills upon a fretful porcupine.

Hamlet.

I.

Billy, I said, knew all that pass'd,
From the beginning to the last.—
The lark sung shrill—the cock he crew,
To business all the servants flew,

And with their light and lively call
Brought groom and butler to the hall—
Whistling they came and free of heart,
But soon their looks were sad;
Complaint was heard on every part
Of something very bad.
Some there calamities bewail'd,
Some at hard fortune bitter rail'd;
"Egad," cried one—"he'll surely smash,
If K——t do not raise the cash."—
Now L——c, the, D——'s own man,
To all his fellow-servants ran;
A bit of parchment he shew'd round—
'Twas a *subpœna* he had found.
While stood the German full of wonder,
The butler shouts as loud as thunder,—
"Plague on this Mary Ann,—the w—ch—
A summons this to the King's Bench.
She pleads her coverture—and he
Must pay her debts, as soon you'll see.",

Gaping for fear and ruth, they stood,
Like statues without life and blood;
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried
" What else but evil cou'd betide,
When he this woman made his guide?
Better had he been all his life,
Under the sway of his own wife."

II.

BILLY, who all along now guess'd
How things at Weybridge stood,
Fain of the worst wou'd make the best,
He knew P—— F——c's mood.
Him, soon as possible, he sought,
And found deep plung'd in gloomy thought,
And did the case explain—
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause this inward pain.
P—— F——c gave attention cold—
He now believ'd all he was told—

Begg'd he would go—his mind declare,
And send adrift the fatal fair.

III.

Now Billy went to Gloucester-Place,
To talk with madam on this case—
And, as few compliments he paid:—
" I'll thou deserv'st his love," he said,
" Thou little think'st how the D—— frets
Teas'd and tormented with your debts,—
And with *subpœnas* plagued.
I trust that soon a law may pass
To punish every wenching lass,
That makes of any man an ass,
With whom she has intrigued——
But well I trow, that, in this place
You nevermore will see his face."—
The lady with a smile replied,
" Kind *northern* Sir, you need not chide
For spite of all you think or say,
A man should for his *kisses* pay;

So tell my *loving, faithful dear*——
FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS I ask *a year.*"
Here stayed their talk, —for F——c
Begged he'd dispatch the business quick.

IV.

Our hero and his friends this day
To the War Office bent their way;
'Twas fit he there shou'd daily go,
And spend at least an hour or so.——
While slowly to this place they made,
For truth to tell, they much delay'd—
" A pleasant path," 'squire G——d said—
" And see what charming angels pass;
In London who can want a lass?
A man of gallantry might meet
A mistress here in every street;
And one perhaps sincere and kind—
To prudence and respect inclin'd,
Whom *men of honor* might approve—
Who might deserve a Prince's love;

And such a one, I make no doubt
The charming C——y will turn out."—
He spoke to cheer P—— F——c's mind
Perchance he cunningly design'd
T' o'ercome a former flame.
For when he talked upon this theme,
Did he extremely partial seem,
And always with profound esteem
He mentioned C——y's name——
Therefore he spoke——but spoke in vain,
For F——c answered nought gain.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill
In notes, which did the *Horse-Guards* fill,
Resounded in their ear——
The soldiers all their motions made—
The usual salutes were paid
As these great men drew near;
Indifferent to all was done,
P—— F——c proceeded on

His trusty friends to see;
And scarce had he, a step or two
Advanc'd—when presently to view,
Appear'd some company.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

VI.

First came the *secretary*—who
Perform'd whate'er there was to do—
For on poor deputies, know all,
The labors of an office fall;
And he who the best sal'ry gains
By proxy acts and takes least pains.
Now T——l, his appearance made,
A *ladies' shoemaker* by trade;
But being a kind, hearty creature,
Remarkable for his good nature,

On errands he'd attend;
A kind of *Mercury* was he;
No wonder then that he shou'd be
A P——'s valued friend.

VII.

He was a man of middle age,
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As one on business come;—
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen and sly
Expression found its home;—
A flash it was of martial fire,
Such as did ARCHDUKE CHARLES inspire,
When with unconquerable ire
The FRENCH he soundly beat;
Repeating the next day the blow,
So very sore he left the foe,
He's not recovered yet.

* * * * *

Thus T——r, as the rumour ran,
Was a bold persevering man—
He stopp'd for nothing, for 'tis said,
Whate'er he took into his head,
In order to perform the same,
He'd go thro' water or thro' flame.
Much were his services approv'd—
His company desired;
No fellow cou'd be more belov'd,
No fellow more admired.

VIII.

So much his presence F——c pleased,
That cordially his hand he squeezed;
For well his R——l H——ss knew
To him such courtesy was due.—
He was a man of high degree;—
And by the ladies, too was he
Ambassador of Morocco call'd,
No shoemaker was better known,

So great his fame and his renown,
He was by all extoll'd.
Their mutual greetings duly made
Th' Ambassador his message said—
To K——t did I take the note
My *name-sake* * for that purpose wrote,
Declaring if success he met,
A situation he should get;
To which he said, in a few days
'Bout sixty thousand pounds he'd raise,
Which sum should certainly be lent,
On the *fair* terms of ten *per cent;*
But fear'd a week or more, perhaps,
Before he got it, might elapse.—

IX.

Tho' inly chaf'd at this delay,
P—— F——c bears it as he may;
Th' Ambassador some hints now gave,
That K——t was a very knave;
A character not good;

* L——l C——l T——r.

For having liv'd in *Bond-Street* then,
He saw the roguish bankrupt, when
He in the pillory stood;
" His *mug* I quickly recogniz'd,
And own that I was much surpris'd."
This to the secretary near
He whispered softly in his ear;
And then returning to the D——
Under the arm his friend he took.

X.

To an apartment now they went;
Of Gloucester-Place discours'd at large,
It seems th' Ambassador was sent,
To make 'gainst MARY ANN a charge;
That lady having, it is true,
Late to her *keeper* wrote;
Requesting of bank-notes a few,
The which she thought indeed her due;
And very justly thought it too—
As *keeping* must denote;

But for this application bold,
She by her shoemaker was told,
In manner quite morose;
As late she for a widow pass'd,
If aught she asked, she should be cast
Into confinement close.

XI.

Widow! great cause indeed for strife!
Sure every one must plainly see,
She acted with propriety,—
For kissing now another's wife,
Is—heaven knows—a practice rife;†
Shou'd she, whenever ask'd, have said
My husband, J——p C——ke's, not dead,
But leads a miserable life,
While I partake a P——'s bed?
Much better it was sure for both,

† *i. e.* common, frequent.

That thus the lady spoke—
T'expose her keeper she was loth—
Besides, she never made an oath;
'Twas only said in joke.
A titter frequently betray'd
It was not truth she always said—
And really—such traps are laid,
We oft must act under a shade;
She wish'd to have some sport;
A *fool* of A—m thus she made,
And cut his questions short.
Whoever thinks the truth to find
From woman's lips, is sure an ass—
What matter where a couples join'd,
Whether *Berkhampstead* or *Pancras!*
When proof of marriage e'er you want,
The *consummation* is the point.

XII.

A widow therefore to be thought,
Was certainly a trivial fault;

She could assume the greater airs
While managing the D——'s *affairs;*
But sad it is—we must allow,
She'd no *affairs* to manage now.
Forsook was she by the K——'s son,
And every thing of value gone;
Her diamonds too were all in *pop,*
At Mr. P——r's well known shop.
Her servants wou'd no longer stay,
E'en Mrs. F——y went away.
She now had no companion, save
A mastiff dog—sincere and brave,
Who for sagacity excell'd,
As tightly once the D—— he held,
And thus his stay would have compell'd; †
'Twas a brave dog for the attack—
He strove to bring a *wanderer* back.

† We are credibly informed that his R. H. was once detained in Gloucester-Place, for several minutes, by a mastiff, who seized him by the skirt of his coat.

XIII.

Now full of spite did F——c vow
Against his mistress he'd wage war;
His friend he then consulted how,
——For such was the *ambassador;*
Who gravely said he must take heed,
And with great caution too proceed—
An angry woman, right or wrong,
Was never known to hold her tongue,
And Mrs. C——, he now was sure,
Would all discover, being poor;
For poverty too well he knew,
Did pinch as bad as a tight *shoe.*
While they discours'd did T——r's wit
Oft cheer the P——'s moodier fit,
For he was conscious he should prize
A friend so noble and so wise.

XIV.

It chanc'd, as friends will often do,
That round the War-Office they walk'd,

And—just to kill an hour or two,
On various topics talk'd.
When T——r, unaware, averr'd,
Some of his love-letters, he heard,
Were in a *Baker's* hands,
And which would doubtlessly be shewn
To half the people in the town,
Against his strict commands:
And, closer question'd, thus he told
A story, how this *Baker* bold
Of these sweet *billet doux* got hold.

XV.

The Ambassador of Morocco's Story, of the Hampstead Baker.*

"Of all the villages so fair,
Fit for a lady's dwelling,
In England, far beyond compare,
HAMPSTEAD is sure excelling;
In meadows here, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
Here little sheep lie at their ease,
The bullock roars—the horse too neighs—
The saddest heart it well may please
To see all nature gay.

* Though this circumstance took place some time after the *separation*, yet as it was previous to the *investigation*, there can be no great impropriety in the introduction of it here.

But June was to this lady fair
A month of sorrow and of care;
Too well her cause of grief you know—
Forc'd now from Gloucester-Place to go;
A dwelling for herself provide,
And at a *baker's* to reside;
This sure was cutting to her pride.
To Hampstead she, however went,
And here *incog* some months she spent.

XVI.

" While here economy she tried,
With a French lady for her guide;
Tho' she to make no stay meant,
Yet month succeeded month—at last
The quarter-days came on so fast,
The landlord wanted payment.
And time so rapid thus went on,
That all the cash it seems was gone:
Bundles of papers now were seized,
And she eternally was teased

For money by the baker—
Of *forging wills* she him did tax,
But still he stuck to her like *wax*,†
As if he'd ne'er forsake her.
He ask'd for money ev'ry day,
And in a passion oft did say,
That if her rent she did not pay,
D—n him, but he would make her;
And even hinted too the way—
For bailiffs soon should take her.
Thus Mrs. C——, so much perplex'd,
And with the fellow's threat'nings vex'd,
Swore she would punish *him*, and still
She harp'd on the mysterious *will*.
At length, not brooking such a man,
"Good bye to you," says MARY ANN:
Thus saying, she packs up her clothes,
And on a sudden off she goes,

† We are to recollect it is a *shoemaker* that is telling the story.

Ne'er paying, we may well suppose,
The Baker what was due—
Soon as he found with great surprise,
That she was gone—he instant flies
With his attorney to advise,
What he had best to do.

XVII.

" Searching the rooms he soon did find
Some love-letters she left behind,
Which lay about her bed;
Determin'd their contents to see,
He look'd, and much surprised was he
When words like these he read;
But with a voice did ill accord
With each sweet amatory word:——
" My dearest, dearest Mary Ann,
" Soon as to get away I can
" From *Smuffy* and her crew,—
" Which will I trust, be about ten,

" I'll wait upon my *darling*, when
" Her wishes she shall have—till then;
" For eight long hours!——adieu."
The Baker now resolv'd, till paid,
These letters to retain,
And Mrs. C—— has sent, 'tis said—
Has sent for them in vain.
Of course she threaten'd as before,
Which made Will N——lls swear the more,
The letters he wou'd ne'er restore—
And 'tis indeed a fact
That as this surly Baker swore—
So he's resolv'd to act."

XVIII.

While thus he told this marvel strange
The D—— grew wondrous pale;
He mark'd not F——c's color change
While listening to the tale:

But after a suspended pause
The P—— exclaim'd—" She is the cause,
These scrawls are gone abroad—
She should, according to love's laws
The letters, have destroy'd;
And three days since she wrote again,
In hopes another to obtain;
But not by letter I replied,
Or even call'd—for she'd have sigh'd
And made me credit aught,"—He staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:
But press'd now by a sense of pride,
Which prompts us oft our fears to hide,
Now for a jest he sought—
The landlord's story he compar'd
With that which he just now had heard,
All *strugglers* as he thought.
Nought of the stranger says he there
And nought of Mrs. C——y fair—
The thoughts which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as idle dreams—

XIX.

" Last night," said he," to rest I spread
My wearied limbs and couch'd my head,
When foolish thoughts return'd ;
And by their wild dominion led
My heart within me burn'd—
Now vex'd at what I thought I ey'd
I shifted to the other side—
In hopes that I should sleep in peace,
And these delusions all should cease.
Methought a voice then met my ear,
A voice which I was us'd to hear,
Which fill'd me with such anguish sore
I never wish to hear it more.

XX.

" While thinking who it was that call'd,
I listened, till, at length, appall'd,
I saw as well as heard——
My senses did not serve me true
For on a sudden to my view,

In form distinct of shape and hue
A lady there appear'd.—
I have, sir, many a fair one kiss'd
And many will again, I wist,
But ne'er was I—I must insist,
Less pleas'd with such a sight:
For as she came I knew not how—
So unexpected too I vow—
The truth I freely will allow—
I trembled with affright.
So great my apprehensions now,
As I prepared to make a bow,—
I could not make it right.

XXI.

" Why should I not the truth declare?—
'Twas Mary Ann——deceitful fair!—
Who now methought was standing there,
I saw her very plain—
High o'er my head—by spite impell'd,
Those cursed *billet-doux* she held—
Yet did the worst remain;

My dazzled eyes I upward cast—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw!—
A stranger stood behind her back,
I knew his face—('twas he, good lack!
Who prophesied "*A bold attack,*")
And held my breath for awe—
He look'd as if he deeply schem'd
Just as at Richmond late he seem'd.
And secrets fain would learn—
I would not for my father's crown
Encounter such another frown;
He look'd so fierce and stern!—
Methought the letters now he took—
Cast over them a hasty look
And then three times his head he shook,
So cross did he appear—
He swore before th' ensuing spring
Eight charges he'd against me bring,
Which charges did, by heaven, ring
Like thunder in mine ear!

And now methought, that he began
To talk on secrets with the fair—
I curs'd both him and Mary Ann;
So kind and free they were.
I had good reason to foresee,
The whole would meet publicity."

XXII.

L——n, who had o'erheard the whole,
Observed (P—— F——c to console)—
Such things had hap'd of old;
And tho' the people might deride,
He thought if proper means were tried,
The public clamour might subside,
Or secrets not be told.
And ev'n tho' discovered were some;
They'd be forgot in time to come:
" You recollect as well as I
How clamorous was the *hue and cry,*
Against Lord M——e raised;

The House of Commons, him accused,
For having public-money used;
And he was scoff'd at, and abused
In newspapers each day;
But when, as it had been advised
Th' affair was strictly scrutinized:
How soon it died away.
Then as for visions—what are they?
The frolics of *Queen Mab,* they say;
And shall the sports of such a sprite,
The mind of a brave man affright!"
P—— F——c turn'd him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried.
Then L——n's hand he shook;
But nought at length in answer said,
And here their further converse staid,
Each his departure took;
The P—— some papers now look'd o'er,
He seem'd their purport to explore,
But 'twas a cursory look.

XXIII.

As now no moments should be lost,
To Windsor did our hero post.
He had not been for many a day,
His dutiful respects to pay;
And late did his *mamma* insist,
He'd come and take a game of *whist*.
Tho' for this trip he little cared—
Still for the visit he prepared;
Wild as he was, it seems he knew,
Attention was a parent's due—
And so he Hammersmith rode through.

XXIV.

Hammersmith!—tho' not deem'd a spot,
Which can delight us much or charm,
Yet never can it be forgot,
As there one night a *ghost* was shot
Creating much alarm.
But afterwards 'twas understood
The *ghost* in white, was flesh and blood.
Which ne'er did th' least harm.

Hence may we learn,—indeed we must,
Those fears are generally unjust,
  Which occupy our minds at night;
We should not to appearance trust,
  For any one may be in white.
Indeed the stories of the day,
Consummate ignorance betray.

XXV.

Now reach we Brentford, which has been,
  When *polling* has ta'en place,
Of noise and drukenness the scene,
  And of corruption base.
And like as if it were a fair,
A thousand people stand to stare;
  Here, there, and up and down,
A thousand did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands may be seen,
Crowding below—above—between
  Th' environs and the town.

All kinds of folk both near and far,
Forming a mob irregular—
While parties now a battle wage
And for the candidates engage—
Happy is he, who, 'midst those blows,
Escapes with but a bloody nose—
For, such the truth do I declare,
The humours of election are.

XXVI.

While through this town our hero pass'd,
(And anxious he to go on fast)
Some strange sensations fill'd his mind,
He thought on those he left behind;
He sometimes thought on Gloucester-Place,
Which threaten'd him with sad disgrace;
And now began indeed to dread
The danger which hung o'er his head.
How very grievous were his thoughts,
He fear'd th' exposure of his faults,
As well he might expect;

So meant to offer her he lov'd
An annual income—*if she prov'd*
Her conduct was correct.

XXVII.

He was determin'd, though to say
Her debts that he wou'd never pay,
Assur'd that great was their amount—
Contracted upon his account;
Indeed he could not—'twas well known
He'd not enough to pay his own—
How then discharge the debts of love?
Her furniture she must remove,
And tell the person, who had ta'en
Her House—to give it up again.—
'Twas hard!—but then it must be so;
And this he meant that she should know.

XXVIII.

He meant to add—for well he knew
The danger of an interview—

A meeting must too painful be,
The fair he'd then decline to see;
Sighs, importunities and tears
Would shock his eyes—wou'd shock his ears,
How could he then agree?
All her entreaties wou'd be vain
These resolutions he'd maintain,
And never one of them revoke.
In his defence he meant t'aver
This parting had arisen from her,
As she her faith with him had broke:
The matter therefore he'd not mince
But tell her in a letter, since
She strove to injure his good name,
He'd act with caution—as became
A Chief-Commander and a P———.

XXIX.

Now Windsor struck the P——'s sight,
He gaz'd—but not with much delight;
Until within him burn'd his heart,

And lightning from his eye did part,
As when he lost at play;
Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.
" Well, I have now made up my mind,
Who think to change it, soon shall find
'Twill be a vain essay—
And 'pon my soul and life, I swear,
I'll for the future take good care,
That with important secrets ne'er
Will I entrust another fair,
Lest she may them betray."
While thus he mused—somebody said,
His absence, if he thus delay'd;
Would grieve a mother fond—
" So much at present you endure
'Tis better to walk in, I'm sure,
Than fret—perchance despond."

XXX.

Still on the terrace F——c staid,
And further observations made—
He walk'd about, yes, to and fro,
And ev'ry hour did warmer grow;
In short he rav'd and mutter'd so
That he appear'd a man of wo,
So much oppress'd and scared——
Backwards and forwards did he go,
His pace now quick and sometimes slow,
While those who saw him stared.
Sometimes he thought that he might plead
The frailties of youth indeed.—
In vain, alas! though, did he strive
T'excuse himself—for *forty-five*
Was not a tender age;
The world would say, which was the truth,
No man of *his* years was a *youth*,
But one that should be sage.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

XXXI.

While thus he ponder'd, word was brought
Her M——y his presence sought;
He went at her command.—
Mamma, so gentle and so mild,
Receiv'd with joy her darling child,
Who though with apprehensions wild,
Affecting satisfaction, smil'd,
Then kiss'd her r—l hand.
Now on refreshments they regal'd,
Good-humour, as it seems, prevail'd,
While thus the mother said:
"On you my eyes I seldom set;
I absolutely now forget
What day it was when last we met,
What night at cards we play'd;
But now we'll have, my son, I wist,
A comfortable game of *whist*,
To banish all our care.——
You cannot want a partner here—

But partners you can find, I fear,
Much more agreeable and dear,
At Weybridge, or elsewhere."—

XXXII.

Not so" he said " it is my pride
With you, dear madam to abide,
And therefore came I now"—
But what he said he little knew—
For he had *rubbers*, not a few;
But ken'd not what to say or do—
" Not so" he said—" I vow—
Nothing can give me more delight,
Than passing here a merry night—
Then spare reproaching—'tis not right—
For I deserve it not."—
His cards he carelessly survey'd,
But little cared he what he play'd,
Or if a trick he got—
Some wondered that he play'd so bad—
And some imagin'd he was sad.

And kindly strove to cheer—
Such kindness made him ten times worse;
He now grew peevish in discourse,
And what did strange appear—
Perhaps it was ill luck's decree,
No matter what the cause may be,
The truth I needs must say—
In ev'ry hand he play'd, did he
His HONOR *throw away!*
At length the cards aside he threw,
And saying he must bid adieu,
He from the table rose—
The servants now are on the wing,
More wine and cake, they quickly bring,
And while they're standing in a ring
The music plays "God save the King,"
And off his H————ss goes.—

END OF CANTO IV.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Investigation.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Investigation.

What is the bane of man, and scourge of life but *Woman?*—— What is the heathenish idol man sets up, and is damned for worshipping?—*Treacherous Woman.*——What are those, whose eyes, like basilisks', shine beautiful for sure destruction, whose smiles are dangerous as the grin of fiends, but *false, deluding Woman?*

Constant Couple.

I.

Our hero and companions meet,
Each other cordially they greet,
And then about *Threadneedle-Street,*
Familiarly they prate.

For here, in an adjoining court,
Places were sold of every sort;
In church or in the state—
The agents, who did business there—
H—l—p and P—ll—n, did declare
By hand-bills which were sent abroad—
That being by great men employ'd,
They ample interest enjoy'd
All kinds of places to procure,
And make them to the parties sure.—
So, numerous customers they had,
Who daily ran here, as if mad.

II.

Now F——c hasted to Hyde-Park,
The soldiers' movements to remark—
And he was happy that our land
Cou'd furnish such a numerous band;
For volunteers there met.—
When he appeared on the parade

Each corps with pleasure he survey'd,
And many observations made
On such a martial set.
Lads of all sizes and degrees,—
Taylors, men-milliners—he sees—
Present and *fire* with greatest ease,
And make a noble show;—
They wheel about without a fault,
To right or left—and now they halt—
And now make a suppos'd assault,
As if there were a foe.—
Their pieces instantly they load,
A volley quickly send abroad,
For balls they put in none;
In truth it was a martial sight,
Which every hero must delight,
For as they march'd, their bayonets bright
Like very silver shone;
Their regimental clothes were, too,
Of various colours seen—
Some were in red and some in blew,
And others were in green—

III.

The hardy soldier that's inur'd
To action—who has long endur'd,
  Calamity and toil,—
Who on his back (a slender store)
Has often his provision bore,
  While marching many a mile;
Who's quitted every social charm—
His wife, his children and his farm,
  All—all that he esteem'd;
And sought th' enemy to disarm,
While, midst all danger and alarm,
  Intrepid still he seem'd;—
Who has return'd too without harm,
  Save scars, mere scratches deem'd.
These are true services indeed,
And which promotion, as their meed,
  Most justly shou'd acquire;—
His, is not only valour's name,
To patriotism it lays claim;
'Tis not a momentary flame,
  Like straw that's set on fire.

IV.

Not so the raw recruit—as yet
No foe or danger has he met
To fill the mind with awe—
He never has been bred to war,
Ne'er knew the battle's din afar,
Nor havoc ever saw:
It was not honor now which leads
The careless youth to martial deeds—
On this he never thought;
Not partriotism, I ween, the cause,
But most undoubtedly it was
The *bounty* that he sought.—
Tho' gold does wonders, as they cry,
An ounce of valour can it buy,
One grain can it infuse?—
As soon as bounty-money's got,
'Tis spent in drunkenness I wot—
Desertion then ensues!
Now F——c's friends—as they pass'd by.
Examined all with careful eye—

And then their sentiments spoke loud,
To be o'erheard by all the croud.
When the commander they survey'd,
What fulsome compliments they paid;
Each colonel to his neighbour said,—
" Hark you, my friend, look there!
Canst guess who has decreed those laws?—
'Twas the Field Marshal—he's the cause,
And certainly deserves applause
For his unbounded care.
By him the army is improved—
By him incumbrances removed;
Sure such a chief should be beloved—
Adored by all, I swear."

V.

Next, F——c mark'd the female race
Of different sizes, form and face,
Who were assembled there.—
These girls were in their best array'd—
A gay and smart appearance made,

And all their charms were now display'd
As so many temptations laid,
  Th'unwary to ensnare;—
Anxious to gain so rich a prize,
They now look'd out with roguish eyes
  On F——c as he pass'd;—
They leer'd and prated all the while,
In hopes to win a gracious smile,
  While these sly looks they cast.
Of meeker manners some there were,
More modest, tho' perhaps less fair,
Who scorn'd to practise any art
To captivate th'unguarded heart.
The graceful veil hung from their head,
Which all their features overspread;
With a pelisse too they enclosed
Those charms, by others so exposed,
  As if they fain desired
T'escape all scrutiny—but O!
How oft' those charms are hidden so,
  To be the more admired.

The lasses flock'd on every side,
And every artifice they tried;
They wink'd and prated too anon,
As with his friends pass'd F——c on.
Loud were their clamoring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen;
And while they look'd and talk so arch,
The music play'd the royal march.

VI.

Thus thro' the *Park* they quickly passed,
And *Piccadilly* reach'd at last:
Where all around—a motley sight,—
Variety of folk unite.
The loungers wander here and there,
To *Bond-Street*, slowly they repair,
Peep through their glass and idly stare.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with noise and show.
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The ballad-singers shrilly sang.

And beggars too the path impede,
Protesting their distress and need;
The rattling coaches drive along,
And very great indeed the throng:
Page, groom and 'squire, with hurrying pace
Thro' street and lane and market-place,
Now furious push their way;
While doctors, with important face,
Their daily visits pay;
Considering cures for each disease,
For fear their patients may decrease.
'Squire G——d to his house all grand,
Which did a noble view command,
Now led the D—— and all;
For after their fatigue and toil
They needs must rest themselves awhile,
Indeed 'twas nature's call.——
Meantime 'squire G——d gives the sign—
Refreshment's brought and good old wine,

And freely they carouse;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The P——, who still a *favorite* needs,
Now follows G——d as he leads
To Mrs. C——y's house.

VII.

The house was full of company—
It rung with wassel, mirth and glee;
The mistress who was led t'expect,
This royal visit, did direct
Her servants nothing to neglect,
To make the entertainment gay,
And hospitality display.
Well lov'd that merry lady, aye—
The banquet and the song.
By day a novel, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light!
The rout—the ball—Oh, glorious sight!
The revel loud and long.

This entertainment was her best,
For it outshone each former feast.
The chandeliers which shone so bright,
Cast on the room a dazzling light.
Some on the harp display'd their skill,
And some sat down to play quadrille.
With flimsey chat—of sense devoid,
The gay gallant his time employ'd;
The wit his trifling jests too crack'd,
The gentlemen the wine attack'd;
While some in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
  Nor courted them in vain;
For often in the social hour
Victorious love asserts his pow'r
  O'er coldness and disdain.
And flinty is her heart indeed,
Who, if an ardent lover plead,
Will not unto his wish accede
  And mollify his pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
To greet the P—— Sir D——d came,
While all, politely rose;
An easy task it was, I trow,
The hero's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He trod, to Marmion bending low,
On a fair lady's toes—
For martial all his manners were;
And martial men we seldom find
To delicacy much inclin'd,—
When pushing on, they never care
What marks they leave behind.
But though uncouth and bluff was he,
Yet every body must agree
He was good natured, bold and free.
He'd ne'er the *cttiquette* acquir'd
To be by female eyes admir'd;
But still there was a *je ne scai quoit*
Which men of judgment always saw—

Which with the brave and the discreet,
Had rendered him companion meet;—
And F——c deem'd he ne'er had seen,
A man of such a noble mein.

IX.

The general's form was middle size,
For feat of strength or exercise.
Shaped in proportion fair.
And when he join'd in a discourse,
His language had peculiar force—
Of skill he had his share.
Free was his counsel and his praise,
And kind when others spoke—
But, Oh! he had such serious ways,
He never crack'd a joke.
Freely from theme to theme he rov'd,
And lov'd to answer—plead—convince;
So keen his observations prov'd,
They fail'd not to attract the P——.

I said in counsel he was free—
No wonder then can it be thought,
That his opinion should be sought—
Altho' in company.
And now aside the noble D——
His counsellor, in private took;
A letter put into his hand
From Mrs. S——r S—th—d:
Sir D——d quick perus'd the note,
Which *Lucy* to his H——ss wrote—
In which the lady, much distrest,
Solicited a *small* request—
Her lover, being false, she said,
Had for his *resignation* pray'd,
In hope her ARMS he might escape,
And leave his mistress in a scrape—
This seem'd, the counsellor agreed,
A piece of cowardice indeed.

X.

O'er T——r's heart, the people say,
This lovely lady once held sway,

And fain would keep him still:
And as the P—— did understand
The Major artfully had plann'd,
To leave this Mrs. S——d
And not his vows fulfil.—
A man of honor should'nt do this—
'Twas acting basely and amiss;
In vain it seems she wept!
And as the D—— was now advis'd,
This matter must be scrutiniz'd;
Ere he agreed t' accept
The Major's resignation, for,
According to the laws of war,
The brave must always them abhor,
Who ne'er love's vows had kept.
And thus, the friends together thought,
An explanation should be sought,
Ere to the Major, could be granted
The resignation which he wanted;
And thus the business was delay'd,
Until th' inquiry should be made;—

And yet we must remark,
That e'en thus cruel and unkind,
The P—— himself was, as we find,
To lovely Mrs. C——e
His former favorite—who, in bailiffs' pow'r,
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The fair sits lone in durance vile,
And weeps the weary day;—
Now tears her sparkling peepers spoil
No longer promises beguile.——
And amid company, the while,
Sweet C——y rises with a smile,
Upon the harp to play.—
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er †
The strings, her fingers flew,—

† If the critic find fault with this line as having no corresponding rhyme, let him also find fault with the original; see "Marmion," p. 257.

And has she touch'd and tun'd them all.
Even her bosom's rise and fall
  Was plainer given to view;
For all, for heat, was laid aside;
Her Spanish cloak was e'en untied;
And first she *hemm'd*—her voice to try,
Then on the P—— she glanc'd her eye,
And then on all the company.
And laugh'd and blush'd and oft did say,
Those pretty words—*Excuse me, pray*—
She could not—would not—durst not play.
At length upon the harp with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
While thus the *darling* woman sung.

XII.

THE BISHOP.

Mrs. C——y's Song.

"O, a BISHOP from *Surry* is come here to
pray,
Throughout our dominions no man is more
gay;
And save one in a corner, he favorites had
none,
For he was so moderate, he lov'd only one;
So faithful in love—and so fervent in *pray'rs*
That never did man better manage affairs.

He staid not for cash—tho' he ask'd for a
loan,
But he that cur'd tooth-aches, provided him
none;
And ere he'd neglect *things* of love or of
state,
He came without money, for fear he'd come
late,
For a laggard in love, is a fool, he declares,
Unworthy of Cupid—or e'en state-affairs.

To worship his saint did he thus take a trip,
And, quite pilgrim-like, with no cash in his
scrip,
When one of the vestals, the Bishop attack'd,
(It seems that the altar some sacrifice lack'd)
Oh! come you with money, or come you
with pray'rs,
Or come you with vows, that you'll settle
affairs?

" Without you have cash must your suit be denied,
Love swells like the ocean but ebbs like its [tide;
So now I observe—and observe very true—
That if you've no money, your kissing won't do;
Your *grace* need not take empty pockets up stairs,
It is a *long-purse* that must manage affairs.

" The saint then appear'd and the Bishop soon pray'd;
His vows—but not one of the house-bills—were paid.
She look'd up for more and she look'd down in vain,
For searching his small-clothes, they nought did contain;
She wish'd to know how she should settle arrears,
" Good-morrow," said he, and thus manag'd affairs.

" How sudden his exit—how wild was her look,
For now his departure she scarcely could brook;
While her sister did fret and her house-maid did fume,
And her friends in a passion walk'd all round the room;
And the servants too whisper'd, " She's wrong, who e'er dares,
To *meddle* so much with a bishop's *affairs*."

" One hint by the way—and one word in your ear,
If ever you wish to be *darling* and *dear*—
Ne'er talk to a Bishop 'bout *mammon*, but know [show;
His *blessing's* enough, as the sequel will
" She is false—then farewel—let her rail, but who cares;
Another I'll find that can manage affairs".

" And to manage affairs—is a business of
art,
A secret which prudence forbids to impart,
A secret which e'en in the cabinet reigns,
For statesmen can always display ways and
means;
In love or in war whoe'er stratagem spares,
Deserves not a blessing to prosper affairs."

XIII.

'Squire G——d o'er the syren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung;
And pressing closer and more near
He whisper'd praises in her ear.
In loud applause the comp'ny vied
And ladies wink'd and spoke aside.

The witching fair to F——c threw
A glance, where seem'd to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest too,
A joy that none could feign:
Familiar was the look, and said
F——c and she would shortly bed.
Sir D——d saw their meeting eyes,
With something like displeas'd surprise;
For grey-beards ill can lovers brook—
An amorous word, or smile, or look;
On certain pamphlets now he thought,
And F——c's privacy he sought.
"We'll have more *ban dogs*, I'm afraid,
More scurrilous paragraphs," he said—
"Already, as I understand,
Some publications are in hand;
By the advice—perhaps command
Of Mrs. S——r S———d.
No longer to a mistress trust,
They're all deceitful and unjust "

XIV.

He paused—and led where Billy sate—
And shook his head, heav'n knows at what;
I mean that Billy, who before,
The character of Mentor bore—
Who finding that his friend had rov'd,
Took pains to shew his late belov'd
In many instances had prov'd
A lyar and a flat;—
Of course he thought he was ill-matched,
And should no longer be attached
To such a treacherous cat.
The only means which he could take
This evil to remove, and make
The separation sure—
Was, as he cunningly had tried
Another mistress to provide,—
Thus love for love's a cure.
For at the age of forty-five,
A man, we know, is all alive,

And of an amorous mood;—
He cannot then from love refrain,
Forget its pleasure and its pain—
For he is high in blood.
But grey-beards never think of this;
As soon as they are past life's prime
They seem to have forgot the time,
That they did toy and kiss.

XV.

His countenance, like apple sour—
Yet tho' so sulky and so grave,
He was well-bred, and wise, and brave—
Seem'd o'er the merry scene, to lower—
His passion, he could not keep down,
His brow retained a haughty frown;
Near Billy when Sir D——d stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued.
"P—— F——c, as I plainly find
To stay the night here you're inclin'd;

I shall not be the means of strife;
Uncourteous speech it were, I know,
To say—you should to *Oatlands* go,
And sleep there with your virtuous wife.
Here if it please you, then abide—
Be Billy still your worthy guide—
He can discharge, and can provide:
If your new mistress rail and scoff,
Give him the wink—he'll turn her off;
But that is true—by the Lord Harry,
I had forgot, while here I tarry—
Another pamphlet I have got,
Written by H——n, as I wot;
This if your H——ss, please to carry,
And Cupid half an hour allow,
For half an hour will do I vow;
A page or two you then may read,
And if you like it, you'll proceed."
As soon as he had said this name,
Across the P——'s brow there came,
A cloud of ire—remorse and shame.

XVI.

In answer nought could Billy speak,
His proud heart swelled, well nigh to break;
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek
A burning tear there stole;
His hand Sir D——d sudden took,
That sight his kind heart cou'd not brook.
"Now by my father's soul!
Billy, my hasty speech forgive;
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he oft'times has said of me,
I well might say of you;
A better fellow cannot be,
In dress more gay—in speech more free,
More valiant or more true.
Forgive me Billy, I entreat,"—
And while he pressed his hand so sweet,
Poor Billy looked just like a sheet;
To seize the moment F——c tried,
And whispered to the knight aside:—

"Oh! let those pallid looks assuage
Your undeserved and sudden rage;
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid will grieve for a sweet-heart,
A fool will at his shadow start;
But great must be the taunt, that can
Thus change the colour of a man.
Then oh! how much his heart must ail,
When Billy looks so wondrous pale."

XVII.

Vex'd was Sir D——d, that the P——
So much concern should now evince.
"Laugh those that can, fret those that may,"
Thus did Sir D——d coolly say;
I'll take my leave—I must away,
And since it is resolved, I find,
"Good F——c shall stay behind;
I trust his H——ss, soon I'll see,
And that at *Oatlands* it will be."

Proud F——c felt the taunt severe,
And thus replied with a grave air;
" Much honor'd were indeed my home,
If in its halls Sir D——d come,—
But should I be awhile elsewhere,
A month or two with some dear fair—
My friends must come and see me there;
With less restraint, perhaps and pain,
My guests I then can entertain

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

So don't be foolish, you must stay,"
And now he took his hat away;
Then to the fiddlers did advance;
" Strike up—we'll have a country dance!"

He now took Mrs. C——y's hand,
And led her down the room all grand;
Go to the devil, up they strook,
And merrily *themselves they shook.*

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
What to poor Mary Ann befel;
While thus forsaken left to fret—
For she was head and ears in debt;
She from the P—— received a note,
Which secretary G——d wrote,
  Declaring, in his name,
Her conduct was so incorrect,
He must her favors now reject—
For he no longer could protect
  Such an unworthy dame.
And to her sorrows now to add,
A Mrs. MAGPIE—who did 'gad,

And wicked falsehoods tell;
Said the D——'s name she had abused,
Which for two thousand pounds, she'd used,
For she could forge it well.
About the Horse-Guards, quickly ran
This infamous report;
And even followed Mary Ann,
Where'er she did resort.
What did her sorrows now avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, treated with such scorn,
Now unprotected and forlorn?
To the School-mistress quick she went,
There her misfortunes to lament.

XIX.

That Stranger, who, as we have told,
'Fore F——c had behaved so bold;
At this time happened to pass by,
When soon he caught the lady's eye,

Who freely now did own
She had a secret to reveal,
Which much concern'd the common weal,
And should indeed be known;
The Stranger press'd then Mrs. C——,
To name a place to meet—
Who said, before it was quite dark
She'd meet him in St. James's Park,
As he did so entreat—
There would she take her usual walk,
And o'er the matter they could talk.

XX.

At dusk—in secret, here they walk'd,
The stranger and the lady talk'd—
The moon among the clouds rode high,
And all the Horse-Guards' hum was by;
On the parade, where late before,
Was so much noise and wild uproar,

You might have heard a distant laugh,
A beatle hum—a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
Upon the Telegraph.
Now Westminster Cathedral, high,
Whose gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Was wholly lost in shade;
There on its brows the moon-beam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements played;
And other light was none to see,
Save lamps, which now display'd
A glimmer of a faint degree,
'Bout Buckingham-House especially,
Where they a circle made.
A solemn scene the lady chose—
A solemn hour her secret to disclose.

XXI.

"O worthy Sir," she now began,—
"For sure he is a worthy man,

Who can thus kindly condescend,
To be a wretched woman's friend—
For thy dear honor's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail.—
Though I of broken vows must speak,
Which you may think a subject weak;
A lady with P—— F——c lived,—
His promises and love received;—
(Idle it were for me to sham,
That lady, I must own, I am,)
And once when frantic rage was high—
P—— F——c said despiteously
A fortune by her he had lost,
And then began to make a boast;
Twenty-five thousand pounds she cost.
But, as the truth must now appear—
One thousand, he allowed a year;
Allowed—not paid—if paid, perhaps,
'Twas only paid by little scraps—

What then? three thousand pounds you'll say,
Could not my three years bills defray,
And this is all that he did pay,
Save now and then, I own 'tis true,
He gave a hundred pounds or two—
To take my jewels out of *pop*—
Which lay for months in Parker's shop.
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
By falsely censuring my love,—
Perhaps it soon will be observ'd,
How he from love has strangely swerv'd;
For why should he, that fair neglect—
Whom he had vow'd he would protect?

XXII.

" His secretary knows full well—
For 'tis the truth that now I tell—
My friend, Miss. T——r, knows;
That for three years, as I was bade,

A game of *trafficking* I play'd—
And my employment then I made,
Commissions to dispose—
I gave it out—'twas publish'd too—
What else for money could I do?
That by my Keeper's interest
I'd help young officers—and lest
His ears should e'er with names be dinn'd,
A list, I at my bed-side pinn'd;
These did he *honorably* read,
And to my wishes oft agreed—
I own it, as I should indeed—
And were it not for these supplies,
How great would be my loss—
I frequently have met a prize,
And often things went cross—
'Tis a bad world, sir, as it goes,
Few men a promise keep—
I many colonels cou'd expose—

There's F——h a sum of money owes,
Sam C——r, and my servant, knows †
How oft he made me weep—
Shame that a man so fair shou'd speak,
And afterwards his promise break,
When he has gain'd his ends—
But so it is—the men impose
And more especially, on those,
Who prove their greatest friends.
Had I the cash which some owe me,
No bailiff would I dread to see—
But shamefully have I been us'd,
And even by the P—— abus'd.

XXIII.

"Now, friendless, helpless and betray'd
To calumny, I claim thine aid—

† The scholar may perhaps say that this line is not truly grammatical; (know) but the error originates with "Marmion," p. 377.

By honor's ever sacred name:
Which always should compassion move.
By friendship that's allied to love—
By all the hopes thou hast above,
And by thy love of fame!
For mark—when F——c first woo'd
His H——ss I with pleasure view'd,
And since, alas! have ever rued,
The vows he then began—
O! shame and horror that ensued—
He was a purjur'd man!
Another fair does he prefer,
Of light and moderate character,
Perchance you may a marvel deem
That F——c's *favorite,*
(For such vile thing she is) should scheme,
My ruin to excite—
But o'er him thus she hop'd to gain,
As privy to his honor's stain,
Illimitable might;

For this she secretly retain'd
Each soul that might the plot reveal,
Instructing them their lips to seal;
And thus sweet C——y deign'd—
Through sinner's perfidy impure
Her house's glory to secure,
And his immortal weal.

XXIV.

"'Twere long and needless here to say
How many love-letters a day
I from this man receiv'd;
At Hampstead, in a baker's care,
I fear I've left the greatest share,
At which I'm sorely griev'd—
But several I still retain—
Which all this business will explain,
And prove that for three years in vain,
I with this man have liv'd—

Now, gentle sir, if thou'lt but read
One of these letters—then indeed,
Thou'lt say I have been left in need;
And O! unkindly us'd!—
These letters to thy hand I trust,
That thou may'st see, by wiles unjust,
How much I've been amus'd;
Thou art a man of sense I see,
And consequently must agree;
No fair was more abus'd.—
What ail'st thou?—speak!"—for as he took
The letters—strong emotions shook:
His frame; and, ere reply,
They heard a voice, not of a man,
Which faintly call'd out *Mary Ann*—
And on the breeze did die:
The lady turned about in fear—
"Oh, goodness gracious:—who is here!—
Look at yon distant tree—
Some persons all in white appear—
Like phantoms now approaching near,
Who, think you, can they be?"

XXV.

Miss. T——r and her little crew
To Mary Ann now closer drew.
(For as it seems the governess
Of something was afraid—
And wond'ring much, she could not guess,
What thus her friend delay'd:
Resolved she was the cause to see
And by the way of company,
Her girls along with her brought she.)
When she espied her friend far off,
She then began to call and cough,
In hopes to make her hear,—
A voice which she did not expect,
And which applied to her direct—
Had certainly a strange effect,
When that it reach'd her ear.
It was the cause of great dismay;
A marvel too, I well may say,
The lady did not swoon away;

For being sore afraid
Of duns, of bailiffs, and the like,
Whene'er strange sounds her ears did strike
Impression deep they made.—
Miss T——r's presence set all right,
And begging pardon for this fright,
The governess thus said:

XXVI.

"Friend, Mrs. C——, dear Mary Ann,
I'm sorry I did call—
But quite uneasy I began
Lest some one might again trepan,
So to my scholars quick I ran—
And summon'd one and all;
I told them, tho' 'twas very dark,
They must come with me to the Park—
I told them they should meet no harm,
And therefore not to feel alarm;

Though 'twas a lonely way—
They like good little girls obey'd;
Their bonnets, quick as thought indeed
Were now put on, and 'twas agreed,
We on our search should quick proceed,
And thus it was I say"—
A string of names now rung the air,
She wished to keep the little fair
Now closely at her side;
Eliza, Jenny, Sally, Nell,
Ann, Margaret, and Isabel—
And as they knew their names quite well,
They instantly replied;
She bade them not to go astray,
For if one step they mov'd away
She certainly would chide,—
Then turning round to Mrs. C——;
For here 'tis proper to remark
While they were walking in the Park,
It was not absolutely dark,

Thus did miss T——r say;
"I thought, my dearest Mary Ann,
While I to meet you hither ran
You were discoursing with a man—
Where is he now I pray?"
At that dread moment she turn'd round
But not a soul was to be found,
The gentleman was gone.
For this surprise quite unprepared,
Poor Mary Ann indeed was scared,
And the love-letters, she declared
He'd taken every one,—
She marked not, as their tongues went fast,
What time, or how, the stranger pass'd.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The P———t
Have now great business to transact;
Where representatives are sent,
To vote their vote and acts enact—

The ministry proceed with care,
The opposition take a share;
All to the C——ns House repair.——
Where is the Stranger now?—and where
The Governess—the injured fair—
Yes! e'en the ladies will be there,
They're summon'd to attend—
P—— F——'s amours are told,
The Stranger 'gins the whole t'unfold;
B—rd—tt too joins, like F—lks—bold,
His honourable friend—
No Stranger now, but GWYLLYM LLOYD,
Whose fame was publish'd far abroad;
Freely he spoke at length:
The deeds of Gloucester-Place declar'd,
And while the *place-men* wildly star'd,
He still look'd high, as if he dar'd
Their interest and strength.
Eight accusations too he brought,
Of deeds which were by *favorites* wrought,
Which though ridiculous now thought,

He'd prove to be no joke—
Old *Brinsley* said—he was deceiv'd—
And fear'd his friend, for which he griev'd
Had mix'd with *naughty* folk.

XXVIII.

Now Dr. T—nne th'exchange avow'd
'Tween Colonels B—— and K——ght;
And *Joseph's* dame th'exchange allow'd
She help'd to expedite.
No audience had P—— F—— sought,
Ever he fear'd to aggravate
Such a discarded woman's hate,
And safer 'twas he thought,
To wait, till all the charges laid,
Th'effect of observations made,
Then, in a note, the House persuade
The evidence adduc'd was naught;
His was a ticklish state, indeed,
A full disclosure all would read,
And public clamor it must breed:

He also fear'd, for such a breach,
Some might be anxious to impeach.
'Tis true, he knows he could resign—
But then a salary so fine
No man with pleasure can decline;
His conscience, which, succeeding sin,
A self-tormentor is within,
Led him, at times, to hate the cause
Which made him burst thro' honor's laws—
If ever woman's name loath'd he—
'Twas Mary Ann's—" that fatal she."

XXIX.

And now a music-master came,
A Mr. C—rri he by name;—
Who, the dramatic world well knows,
Help'd M—ch—l K—lly to *compose*,
And added to his strains;
He help'd too, as he did disclose,
This lady in her gains.

A dealer he in NOTES, and well
Their efficacy he could tell—
And was a kind of go-between
With Mrs. C—— in every scene.
He of the bargain knew, he said,
Which she with F—ch and S—nd—n made;
And every night too the Gazette
That lady anxious was to get.
And tedious were to tell and vain
What pass'd 'tween C—rri, and C—ch—ne;
O'erjoy'd the latter brought a bill,
Which for two hundred pounds had been
Drawn up, or thereabouts, I ween—
When C—rri said—"I will,
Kind Sir, I will, upon my soul,
That you yourself retain the whole
For your civility;
For you've oblig'd me very much,
And I'm indebted to you, such
Your kindness late to me."

P—— F——c, it seems, half mad
At all the letters C—rri had;
Begg'd they'd be put into the fire;
This Mrs. C—— too did desire,
In order to appease his ire.

XXX.

The Music-Master, to avoid
All *discord,* every one destroy'd.
He saw the lady after that,
Three gentlemen join'd in their chat—
"Play a Scotch tune," exclaim'd a *flat,*
"For these the airs are I like best,
All other music I detest—"
"Play, Mr. C—rri, play."
Then to the instrument sat he,
As his delight was *harmony,*
And play'd *Auld Robin Grey.*
This *flat* as he esteem'd him then,
Was one of the newspaper men
Who flourish'd greatly with his pen.

As Mrs. C—— confess'd—
An awkward figure—skin like tan,
What one might say an ugly man,
And very meanly dress'd.
When Mr. C—rri did explain
What did between him and C—ck—ne
Upon their meeting pass;
They all set up a hearty laugh—
Declar'd he was too kind by half—
A simpleton—an ass!
The livelong night this was their theme,
And on his gift—his great esteem,
The company did harp—
'Twas C—rri now the *flat* did seem,
The rest were all so *sharp*.
That several persons had beside
For places frequently applied,
He own'd was very true—
Those to the lady he referred—
But what the issue, he averred,
He never—never knew.

And this was all, he did declare,
E'er pass'd between him and the fair,
Except it was *a tender air*—
For he t'instruct her often went
To play upon her instrument.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

XXXI.

Now S—nd—n, several times in vain
Was question'd o'er and o'er again,
But memory he lack'd;
Two hundred was the most, he said,
To Mrs. C—— he ever paid,
But which was not the fact;—

For D——r candidly did own,
That being once with Mrs. C——e
S—nd—n and F——ch, he did remark
That one, he could not tell which spark,
Five hundred had put down.
C—v—g too who volunteer'd,
Because untruths he thought he heard,
Now at the C———ns bar appear'd
To make the matter plain;—
He did not take tho' the right way,
For all he said he did unsay,
And all he said was vain.—
Prevarication now prevail'd,
Prevarication gross!
And recollection often fail'd
When question'd very close.
'Twas the opinion now of some,
C—v'r—g had better stay at home:
Should he again persist to come,
And to dissemble so—.

'Twas at his peril!—should he make
Another capital mistake,
To Newgate he must go:—
" Come if you will then, but take care
How to prevaricate you dare."

XXXII.

" Submit we to your will," said he,
And to tell all he did agree,
That he could recollect—
But to the truth he was not strict
Himself he much did contradict
His speech was incorrect:
Nay, notwithstanding P—rl—nt
Had Captain H—xl—y S—nd—n sent
To Newgate for the same;
Who afterwards for pity pray'd
And as apology he made,
And penitent became.—
His prayer was heard, and he was freed
By P———t's command,

But got with his discharge indeed
A bitter reprimand.
Soon Gen'ral C—v'r—g took his place,
For to his shame and his disgrace,
He of prevarication base
Was also guilty deem'd.
Some thought his conduct to defend,
By stating that he was a friend
By every one esteem'd;
" Mere trifling errors his—not lies,
Such, as a man, e'en the most wise,
By accident oft makes."—
But this defence had little sway,
These trifling errors were, thought they,
Intentional mistakes.

XXXIII.

A host of witnesses were brought,
And women, not a few,
Who told the House, not what they thought
But only what they knew:

Now Mrs. H-v-nd-n declared
A *ten-pound* present she had shared;
That Mrs. C—— she often saw
About th'affair of Col'nel Sh——,
And that she told a gentleman,
Whose name is Mr. D-n-v-n,
That, she was very sure,
If he knew any one, who, aught,
In either church or army sought,
The same she could procure.
The *Hampstead Baker* too reveal'd
What many wish'd had been conceal'd.
How many secrets were disclos'd,
How many love-letters expos'd!
All was divulg'd that had been plann'd,
When love it seems was at a stand.

XXXIV.

More still appeared——when want prevails
Invention very seldom fails—
And therefore to the P—— of W——
A note sent Mary Ann

The P—— immediately did send
Colonel M'M——n, as a friend,
The whole affair to scan.—
The Colonel confess'd the note,
And when the lady he had seen,
Said, most ungrateful she had been,
And that to "*make bad blood*" between
Their H———sses she wrote.
A strange account the lady gave:
She said the Col'nel seem'd inclin'd
To aid her cause—and very kind
Did on their interview behave.
Th' investigation thus went on,
And much was argued *pro* and *con.*
These in the Journals you may trace,
Go seek them there and see—
Mine is a tale of Gloucester-Place,
And not a history.
At length th'investigation clos'd,
And three amendments were propos'd

To Gwyllym's motion—which was lost;
For now the other side did boast
A large majority.—
Still the *minority* were deem'd
FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE and esteem'd.
The Ch—nc—ll—r his wishes gain'd,
For he of voters had obtain'd
By far the greater share.—
But F——c, galled at what was done,
Ere B—th—t's motion had come on,
Began to chafe and swear.——
" A sorry thing to bear the jeers
Which doubtless will assail my ears;
For though a large majority
Are in my favor, still I see
The world will with my name make free—
Then sooner than their scoffings bear,
I am determined, I declare,
No longer I'll this office hold—"
Then call'd he for his carriage bold,

And still continuing in this mind,
He sought his father, and——RESIGNED——
For kind Sir D——d did agree
His *locum tenens* now to be.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Contest.

MARMION TRAVESTIED.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Contest.

Madam, 'tis well!—'Tis very well!—I find
Your will must be obey'd.

Distrest Mother.

Now, by St. Paul, the WORK goes bravely on.

Richard III.

I.

WHILE these events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And all the secrets which were told
By witnesses galled F——c bold;

Who, like a madman much inveigh'd,
And said the parties all were leagued
To sully, if they could, his name
And bring to disrepute his fame—
He thought, and did the same declare,
Th' investigation was unfair.——
While these things were, the artful dame
Began to play a double game—
Fain wou'd she have a house, and fain
Would move in a high sphere again.—
In Westbourne-Place there now was one
She cast a wishful eye upon,—
But then the furniture to get
Was what much posed and made her fret.
Five hundred pounds it seems she ow'd
For furnishing her last abode;
And Mr. Wr—ght, th' upholsterer, swore,
It would be *wrong* to send her more;
Except some trusty friend became,
Security to pay the same.

II.

I said, in Westbourne-Place to be
The lady wished most anxiously;
And therefore, confident and bold,
Th' Upholsterer she plainly told,
That she a gentleman well knew,
A gentleman of credit too;
Whom to his house she'd shortly bring,
To pass his word for every thing.
At this good tidings Mr. Wr—ght
Prick'd up his ears with great delight—
And kindly now the fair assured,
Since that the cash would be secured
He'd let her have those things on hire,
She might immediately require.
The lady's mind was then at ease,
She got some things in by degrees—
One day the tables and the chairs—
One day the bedsteads for upstairs—
One day the stove and other wares.

And in about a week, I wot,
Two-hundred pounds worth thus she got,
These were for present use the lot;—
No more could Mr. Wr—ght afford,
Until her friend had pass'd his word;
And even these were merely lent,
For they on hire were only sent.
As soon as he was safe in law,
And good security he saw;
Her house should then at her command,
Be furnish'd in a style most grand.

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III.

And, for the apartments still were bare,
The fair would to her room repair,
And oft and oft consider there

What she had best to do—
She thought, but thought awhile in vain,
How an appearance to maintain,
For rich and happy she would fain
Appear to public view.
To get more furniture she must—
More cash, as people would not trust;
But how these matters to adjust,
Required consummate skill,—
She hoped however soon to light
Upon some simpleton, who might
The place of sponsor fill:—
She hoped by threats too, of some sort,
From her late lover to extort
A pension which should be secure,
And future happiness insure;
But if those menaces should fail—
If woman's arts could not prevail,
She meant to offer then for sale,
Memoirs of her own Life—the which
With anecdotes she could enrich,

And curious facts indeed.
Her friend, she knew, the governess,
The language could correct and dress,
And make it fit to read.
Having produced about a score
Of leaves—perhaps a little more;
She dress'd for China-Row,
And when accoutred, to her friend,
Did Mary Ann with pleasure wend, ‡
This specimen to show.
Now W——dle, loitering was abroad—
When Mary Ann, of thought devoid;
Met as before with Gwyllym Ll—yd,
Who did by Davy swear,
If to be faithful she would deign—
(This happened on a day between,
Her visits on the Trial † scene,)
He'd make it worth her care.

‡ *i. e.* go.

† The circumstance alluded to, is supposed to have taken place during the Investigation, recorded in the preceding Canto,—as already signified by the beginning of the present one. "While these events were on the gale."

IV.

While walking thus—the sky serene,
For not a cloud was to be seen—
She musing thought—"Who knows, but yet
My wishes I at last may get—
Who knows, but by persuasion he,
May kindly pass his word for me."
And meekly did the fair confess
She was at present in distress
For furniture—as Mr. Wr—ght,
She added, was a surly wight,
Who to give credit had cried nay,
Until some person came to say
He should be paid some future day—
And till in comfort she could live
Her evidence she could not give—
It was impossible, for how
Could she appear in public now,
Except she mov'd in a high sphere,
And as a lady did appear?—

She therefore begg'd that he would prove
Her friend, and obstacles remove;
That he good-natur'dly would try,
Th' upholsterer to satisfy—
It was enough—her hand he press'd,
And at the moment acquiesc'd;
The lady now quite charm'd and pleas'd,
The favorable moment seiz'd—
Too favorable to be lost!
So off to Mr. Wr—ght's they post
The lady vowing, all the way,
That every thing he wish'd she'd say.

V.

But see—they're by another join'd,
One major D——d, a friend;
Whom pleas'd the colonel was to find,
And shaking hands now very kind,
Ask'd if to walk he was inclin'd
And as the Major had a mind,
Off they together wend.

And now they freely talk awhile
The weary journey to beguile;
And after walking 'bout a mile,
Th' upholsterer's steps ascend—
As Mr. Wr—ght now kept his bed,
His brother 'tended in his stead;
'Twas the same thing—for Mr. *Dan*
Was a sagacious, active man—
And Mary Ann perform'd her part,
With great dexterity and art.
'The Colonel wants some goods to see
They are for *him* and not for *me*;"
The Colonel with a silent nod,
Assented before Major D——d.—
How Mrs. C——, we need not tell,
Knew all the fashions very well,
It was on purpose, *blue* and *white*—
The pattern of her choice she made:
But this disgusted W—dle quite—
Indeed he could not bear the sight,

Scarlet and *bronze* did more delight,
He *would* have these, he told Dan W—ght,
Of course his *orders* were obey'd.—
The furniture was soon got ready,
And sent to the exulting lady—
Two thousand pounds worth—and th'amount
Was plac'd to this her friend's account.
And now the Colonel meets with praise;
With public thanks and loud huzzas:
But Mary Ann was, sure, the cause
Of all this popular applause.—
Briefly I state the speech he made,
What in the month of June he said;
His language strong and fine discourse,
His thoughts so free and given with force.

VI.

The Colonel's Speech, on Public Economy.

" I said, Sirs, on a former day,
And which I'm not asham'd to say;
Had we but the *reform* we ask,
My very life I'd lay
The whole amount of th' Income Tax
Might then be done away.
Remember you not, Gentlemen,
How lately I have been accus'd
For having bitter language us'd?
Tho' not so bitter, as I ken,
As that great statesman Mr. P—t,
Some years ago, to use thought fit,
Which recollect and you'll admit—
Than mine was far more keen and strong,

So what I said could not be wrong,
As I shall state to you ere long.
By that respected man 'twas prov'd,
That every tax might be remov'd;—
I did not speak to this extent;
Some of the burthens, Sirs, I meant—
And this, I'm ready to maintain,
Is possible—if we cou'd gain—
A just reform in P——t.
'Twas said to injure men I lack'd—
But no—*corruption* I attack'd;
And here I solemnly declare
Attack it too I will again,
While in this house I do remain,
No matter who the parties are.

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VII.

" Still resolute, I now think fit
Some observations to submit—
  Full well indeed, I ween,
That money we should always nurse,
Especially the public purse,
And thus, by saving, reimburse,
  What has expended been;
We should, like stewards sincere and true,
Two points for ever keep in view,
And then affairs, if right I guess,
Must ultimately meet success.
  First—that the thing we wish to do,
Be necessary, for if not,
We should not do it, as I wot—
  Yet this is not observ'd;
For many have been too profuse
In matters of no kind of use—
  And have from prudence swerv'd,
And, secondly, we should take heed
If necessary prove the deed,

Extravagance to shun—
For I insist upon't and say
The best must be the cheapest way
Affairs can e'er be done—

VIII.

" The regular and great increase,
Which every year we find takes place
In the finance reports—
Th'expediency at once declares,
That a review of state affairs
Now our attention courts;
The household troops we should reduce;
And for this reason I insist—
That half of them are of no use
And, *ergo*, half shou'd be dismiss'd.—
The foreign corps, too, is a force
Than which there cannot be a worse,
Attended with expense.—
Unconstitutional I vow,
What great Lord Chatham wou'dn't allow

Tho' danger were immense:—
Their gen'ral conduct recollect,
Then foreigners you must reject,
And ne'er with Englishmen connect,
Or the effects are bad.
In Hanover, as well you know,
These men deserted to the foe,
With every thing they had;
And in this House it has been prov'd
That many were from gaols remov'd,
And at a bounty too, I ken,
By Ch—rm—ly and such like men:
From Spanish prisons I insist
Did they some foreigners enlist—
How is it Englishmen can court
An army of this dangerous sort?

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IX.

" The royal staff, too, is a corps
Establish'd not in days of yore;
And which is neither less nor more
Than a meer branch, as it appears,
Proceeding from the *engineers*—
And only form'd, it may be said
The cause of *patronage* to aid—
Yes, patronage, our country's stain,
Our great and our eternal bane!
Then our militia—need I say,
Half of these men should go away
During the harvest months, for then
They would be very useful men;
And every body must agree,
That a vast saving it would be.
Th'local militia is, I'm sure,
A profligate expenditure!
And of the clothing the expense
Is now most shameful and immense.

Three pounds are laid out in a trice,
When *half a guinea* should suffice;
Of courage clothing is no test,
No matter how a soldier's drest—
Does not Sir Robert Wilson mention,
Appearance is not worth attention?—

X.

"We should abolish, I maintain,
The useless royal waggon-train—
And the Manx fencibles, I ween,
Have ne'er of any service been.—
Th'staff of the army has encreas'd
To an expense that's shameful waste.—
The bounties to recruits, you'll grant,
Are equally extravagant.—
The business, which is carried on
At offices, might all be done
Much cheaper than the present cost;
Of course a deal of money's lost,—

A deal of money too, I say,
Is thrown most shamefully away,
As Romney Marsh may show—
Are the Martello towers of use,
Or could the batteries produce
Effect against a foe?
The military canal is too,
A specimen of public waste—
The greatest blunder I e'er knew
Erected without skill or taste.—
Our barracks cost a deal too much,
And the expenditure is such
In all departments, that indeed,
Some kind of a reform we need."—

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XI.

At night, while silent all and dark—
Now with her pen sat Mrs, C——;
A history from her birth began—
Her first connection too with man;
All her adventures strange and rare—
She every incident did trace
Which had occurred at Gloucester-Place,
At Margate, and elsewhere.
Much was there told—it was indeed
A work which every one would read;
For scandal reign'd throughout—
While thus employ'd upon her work
She mention'd oft the D—— of Y——,
And other names, no doubt:—
Miss T——r often call'd, to mend
This choice production of her friend,
And much corrected she—
The *parts of speech* she understood,
And us'd too the *subjunctive mood*
For sake of euphony.

Now the best part of volume one
Was during the first fortnight done;
A bishop she held up to view,
His character she ably drew;
For much she had to dwell upon—
She shew'd how oft in Gloucester-Place,
He minister'd the fond embrace—
How oft he whisper'd in her ear
My *darling* and my *dearest dear;*
How oft he readily would grant
The situations she might want;
How oft he read the list she wrote,
And for her sake did some promote.
Tho' not to composition us'd
Her second *tome* she soon produc'd;
This did in bitter terms include
The separation which ensu'd,
Now curious facts related she
Of characters of high degree;
Now copies of love letters were
Inserted with the greatest care:

She show'd—to prove her lover mean
At what expense she late had been;
With equal warmth contended too
A sum of money was her due;
And now this contest to maintain
No pains were spar'd indeed,
The statesment was made out quite plain,
The public long'd to read
So true a tale and so well told,
So fine the words, the style so bold.—

XII.

Now to Sir R——d Ph——ps tripp'd
The lady with her manuscript.
And think what now the fair one said
When both her volumes she display'd,
And judge how the bookseller star'd,
While over 'bout a page or two
He cast a very hasty view,
His mind he thus declar'd:

" It is well written, I declare,
But can't be publish'd, lady fair,
By me, because
I should be censur'd much, I fear,
Especially as I, last year,
A sheriff was.
I'm sure you could, mam, by this book
Any demand get from the D——,
Without much trouble—
For sooner than th'exposure brook
He'd pay you double."
The lady sigh'd—for sigh she must,
" Where can I meet a friend to trust,
And turn it to my profit."
" Nay, nay," sage Ph——ps said,—" not so
Previous advertisements, you know,
Will tell his H——ss of it.
Then give me leave to recommend
A Mr. G—ll—t, he's my friend,
Who lives hard by—Salisbury-Square,
And who'll act liberal and fair."

XIII.

Not far advanc'd was morning day
When Mrs. C—— now bent her way;
To Salisbury-Square, and loud,
To state her business did begin—
The printer's *devil* ask'd her in,
And G—ll—t came and bow'd—
Politely did he then entreat,
That near the fire she'd take a seat—
And told her in a manly tone,
" Your business, madam, shall be done."
He took the copy and began
The *quantity* thereof to scan—
And having *cast it off*, said he
" Provided, which I do advise,
Foolscap octavo be the size,
'Bout forty sheets the whole will be;
It is a work which cannot fail
Of having a most rapid sale."
The lady nearer drew her chair
And ask'd what for it he could spare—

I'll give you, mam, a fair amount,
Or print it on your own account;
That the production will turn out,
To your advantage, there's no doubt.
I'll put my men on it with speed
And then with policy proceed;
And while in hands—some folk to tease
I'll advertise it, if you please;
It must, when publish'd with your name,
Th'attention of the public claim."
With such kind words the fair was cheer'd
And the advertisements appear'd,
All o'er the town the news spread quick
And soon was told to F——c.

XIV.

Burn'd F——c's cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And— " Is it so?" he said—
" An 'twere not for her saucy tongue,
I'd take some means ere it were long
To make her sore afraid—

And as for thee, officious man,
By whom this contest first began,
I pray to heav'n the cunning fair
May thee, proud W——dle, eke ensnare—
And soon expose a gentleman,
Who, to expose, has wish'd;
Since those my conduct dar'd to scan;
(For all impartial men must own
Such great presumption ne'er was known)
I tell thee, thou art *dish'd;*
And if thou think'st, false Mary Ann,
By this your work, your *novel* plan,
Again a bishop to trepan—
For nothing, thou hast fish'd."
Advertisements still meet the eye
And now to work the printers fly;
Twice they exclaim—"My lads, make haste,
For in about three weeks at least,
These volumes must be done:
A *proof* to Mrs. C—— must go,
By Jove, you must not loiter so—

Where is the boy? what, William, ho!
With this *revisal* run."
P—— F——c fum'd—well was his need!
His jeopardy was great indeed—
Th' advertisements each day he read
With great uneasiness and dread,
And to consult with all his friends
For A——m, G——d, G——n, sends.

XV.

Soon the companions meet, and now
Sat consternation on each brow—
They thought a menace might dissuade
And make the printer sore afraid;
A messenger, for this intent
To Salisbury-Square was quickly sent.
Loud knock'd he at the door, and then,
A louder knock he gave again;
"Sir! Sir!" he cried, "what have you done?"
Then soften'd he his angry tone,

"Forbear this publication, since
'Tis so requested by the P——;
A pack of lies!— heav'n knows it well,
What bookseller the trash wou'd sell?
I know the lady's base design,
I know she ne'er could pen a line;
She thinks by falsehoods to do harm,
And a boy-bishop to alarm—
Think tho' what danger must ensue
By publishing what is not true;
The author she, the printer you—
'Tis pity of her too," he said,
"For she can wheedle and persuade
And call a thousand tricks to aid."
This speech however nought avail'd,
Both promises and threats now fail'd;

XVI.

Some time the messenger here spent,
And to his passion gave free vent,
But fruitless was each argument:

The printer seriously replied
That every menace he defied,—
" Lies, sir, or not, I freely own
I do not care, for be it known;
The volumes are already done."—
" Already done!" he echo'd, quick,
" Sir, Sir, I ill can spell the trick—
On you the consequence must fall
You'll be responsible for all."—
And now the bookseller began
The point to argue with the man;
" Where the occasion for this strife,
Didn't George Ann Bell'my write her *life?*
And every *Ann*, of equal fame
Has sure a right to do the same.
Should the memoirs mere lies contain,
All this solicitude is vain.
Can lies affect the nobly born?
No, fabrications they must scorn.
But if her statements be correct,
And sad discov'ries you expect—

Some other means you'd better try—
To Mrs. C—— herself apply
That lady's wishes satisfy.
You must defray, upon my word,
Th' expenses which have been incurr'd,
And, in this manner, I confess,
The dreaded work you may suppress."
The messenger in haste return'd—
He show'd how menaces were spurn'd,
And added, he had never met
A more audacious stubborn set—
But he advis'd——" Nay, prithee, cease,
Thou ill-adviser, hold thy peace—
G——d, thou bear'st a brain—I pray
What thy advice is freely say?"

XVII.

" In brief, then this is my advice,
(Which I shall give in words concise)
The lady must be ask'd her price—
On money we must now depend;

It is much better I declare
To give a pension to this fair,
Than public calumny to bear,
And with a woman to contend."
The instant that squire G——d spoke,
A sudden light on F——c broke:
" Ah, simpleton, that I have been,"
He muttered— " it may plain be seen
This a scheme, a mere device,
To make me pay an annual price;
O subtilty most gross!
Had I been wise, to distant clime
I should have sent this fair in time,
My path no more to cross—
What has she done? why, wrote a tale
For G——t, and with some avail,
The which he means to publish now—
Will people dare to entertain,
'Gainst F——c, charge disprov'd and vain?
Scandal prevails I trow.

This work we therefore must oppose,
Or many secrets she'll disclose—
O what a scrape that man falls in
Who strives a lady's heart to win!
Her life, forsooth,—yes—*her's* and *mine*,
And many others she'll combine—
This was indeed, the only trick
Which could alarm P—— F——c."

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he begg'd some one
Would question Mrs. C—— anon,
What cash would for her LIFE suffice;
(I mean of her memoirs the price,
Not money *during life;*
He never thought that he must grant
A pension, or that much she'd want,
To terminate this strife;
But that the copy-right might cost
Two, or three hundred pounds at most.)

Now, as Sir R——d Ph—ll—ps said,
That a good bargain might be made,
The lady importun'd his aid.
Next day, the knight, true to his word,
Her wishes to a noble lord
Immediately made known;
Besides annuities secur'd,
Ten thousand pounds he was assur'd
Must quickly be paid down.
His lordship stared—stared more to hear
That she expected every year,
Four hundred pounds—no less;
They for her son must too provide
And pensions grant her girls beside,
Ere she'd the work suppress.
When this was to the council stated,
How they all murmurr'd, grumbled, prated,
And swore too high her life she rated;
The downcast F——c said 'twas plain
That every offer would be vain,
The lady would her cause maintain.

XIX.

Even so it was—great the alarm;
Advertisements now spread about
Which said the work without a doubt
Should very speedily come out;
The contest thus grew warm—
New paragraphs attention draw,
And vex'd were some when these they saw,
While many wish'd the book to read,
And disappointed were indeed
That thus and thus it was delay'd;
Day after day the folks bespeak it,
Day after day the newsmen seek it
But still apologies were made!
The curiosity of man,
Was now upon tip-toe
And for the *life of Mary Ann*,
'Most every body eager ran
To Paternoster-Row;

And being disappointed thus
No wonder they did make a fuss,
And quite impatient grow.
'Twas then, the printer, as I guess,
Received a message by express,
And this delay had been advis'd
That matters may be compromis'd;
How many meetings now took place,
With overtures, I ween, of peace;
But as Sir R——d wisely said
A sum of money must be paid.—

XX.

And where's Sir R——d Ph—ll—ps now?
At dinner! with his wife, I trow—
Eating fruit pies—his usual treat,
The which his lady makes so sweet—
It was for this he took her hand
As biographers understand,
And married her in haste.

He never touches butcher's meat—
Can only vegetables eat
And lady P——p's paste.
Tho' at a lord mayor's dinner, he
With savory dishes ne'er made free—
For those he must not taste—
He from the meeting now kept clear,
Nor saw he Mrs. C——e for fear
Her counsellor he might appear;
For tho' the contest he began
By thus advising Mary Ann,
Still he'd be thought no party-man:
A friend to both sides did he seem
In hopes of all to win th'esteem;
And yet, in fact, his only care
Was to befriend th' unhappy fair.

XXI.

Ere their resolves reached F——c's ear,
In rage Sir D——d did appear—

" There! there! I knew how it would be,
Your friends are coming now I see,
From Salisbury-Square with speed;
A——m and G——d, —hap what may,
Five thousand pounds to one I'd lay
That they did not succeed—
For more, and more, will be her price,
It will be trebled in a trice,
And you must needs comply.
Well may you rue now what you did,
That Mrs. C—— you e'er came nigh—
Sooner than suffer thus—I'd bid
To master Cupid a good-bye."
" Hold, hold," said A——m, " thou hadst best,
His H——ss is too much distrest."
With downcast look P—— F——c said,
" Well, what arrangements have been made?"
They told him upon hard conditions
They'd drawn up several propositions,

To which the paries had inclin'd,
And now they came to raise the wind.

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XXII.

Away to P—rc—l he flew,
Scarce to Sir D——d bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his pray'r
No more to think upon the fair:
Near to the C———r's he drew,
Who instantly appear'd to view.——
" The cash together we shall scrape,
And now I trust we shall escape
This devil in a woman's shape,
Who's caus'd this dreadful fuss.—

Two thousand guineas then brought one,
The same another—and so on,—
  The cash was gather'd thus.
And when the whole they had amass'd,
All fear of danger then was past,
And they began by turns, at last,
  The matter to discuss.
The C———r now wisely said
  What they had best to do—
He thought that ere the cash was paid
A true delivery should be made
  Of every billet-doux:
No document should be retain'd,
  For well the fair he knew—
If in her hands still aught remain'd,
  More danger might ensue.
This counsel proper did appear,
To which they promis'd to adhere.
A short time then P—— F—— stay'd,
And all the while but little said,
  And then his friends dismiss'd;

He begg'd that they would not delay,
But quick to G—ll—t's post away,
And every thing they could to say
That would the cause assist.

XXIII.

Much did the *present fav'rite* fret
That Mary Ann the day should get,
She was indeed almost struck dumb
When told of the attack—
Ten thousand pounds was a large sum!
She wish'd the money back.
Thus the dejected Mrs. C——y
Fretted and rail'd till she was weary,
And hung in grief her head.—
Awhile with her P—— F——c stay'd—
"Now by my soul," he fondly said
"These tears must not be shed;
Pray cease to weep, my lovely fair,
Oh! think that it is F——c's prayer

Thou wilt not?—Well thou'rt still, I swear,
My only comfort and my care.——
Do, G——d, mod'rate her distress,
While with the mourner you remain,
Perhaps that woman may take less—
From fretting then refrain:
If half she's willing to receive,
The other half to thee I give,
When here we meet again."
He waited not for her reply,
And would not stay her tears to dry,
Nor heed the discontented look
From any friend—but off apace
To know the issue of the case,
His way to A——m took.

XXIV.

" ——His R——l H——ss, by my life!
Welcome 'midst toil and cares—
Short greeting serves in time of strife
Thus have I rang'd affairs——

Myself will see the letters all,
Those of a private kind,
Which chiefly billet-doux they call
In number *ninety,* as I find,
Immediately shall be resign'd,
And which to burn too I'm inclin'd,
Lest into other hands they fall—
Then, gallant Sir, to end this strife,
Flames shall consume this woman's *life,*
Of which, too many tho' by far,
Eighteen thousand copies there are;
But I'll a bon-fire have made high
To send their ashes to the sky."—
" Thanks noble A——m," F—— said,
Nor further greeting then he paid;
But parting like a thunder-bolt,
First at a print-shop made a halt,
Where such a shout commenc'd
Of " Bishop! Bishop! " that the boors
So much enjoy'd the car'catures
His H——ss was incens'd.

XXV.

'Squire G——d waited now their doom
With Mrs. C——y in her room—
And now, (for mild the day indeed,)
To ope' the window they agreed;
They heard the people as they walked,
And knew what 'twas about they talked—
Sadly did G——d then remark,—
" The horrid name of Mrs. C——
Is in the mouth of every spark;
And hark! methinks that man exclaims,
That her memoirs are in the flames."
And sudden, as he spoke,
He cast around an anxious eye—
And now, he fancied, in the sky
A kind of sable smoke—
Thicker and thicker grew the mist,
A common cloud—no more, I wist,
Than from the chimnies broke.

No messenger arrived—no one
Announced what now was going on,
At times they thought the cash was gone,
At times a sigh exprest
Their wish to know what had been done,
Yet hoped they for the best.

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Long looked the anxious 'squire—his eye
None of his comrades could descry.

XXVI.

At length they're led to understand,
The printer made a great demand.
And first, for paper there's a charge,—
For printing too, the sum is large;

Th' advertisements add to the bill,
Which other articles eke fill:
In short they hear that G——t's score,
Was *fifteen-hundred pounds* or more,
But nought for certain's said,
It seemed according to report
In cash that they were very short;
Assistance therefore did they court,
For business stopp'd of every sort,
Until this bill was paid.
Amid their consternation, quick
Came the D——'s servant, L—d—v—c,
Who with a phiz most ghastly long,
Which intimated something wrong,
And with a voice, not very strong,
Declared the news was true—
The printer's bill, he did confess
Had aggravated their distress,
And for the balance, he cou'dn't guess
What they'd this moment do.

XXVII.

On his left hand, unseen the while
Sir D——d stood with a forc'd smile;
He bade the German hold his tongue,
And not to go and prate among
The servants, and such giddy throng,
Then from his purse he something drew,
Bank-notes—which he held up to view,
And ask'd if these, they thought, would do
To pay the printer's bill,—
But as P—— F——c was not sure,
That they more money could procure,
He in suspence was still.
The German round about did fly—
Huzza! he's got it! was his cry,
Various their looks appear'd,
First sad—then glad—now low, now high,
At every thing they heard;
Like little children when at play,
Now crying, and then laughing, they,
By turns so vex'd and cheer'd

Sir D——d no more time cou'd spare;—
" By heaven and all its saints, I swear,
My friendship I'll evince—
Squire G——d, if you please, you may
With Mrs. C——y longer stay,
I'll hasten to the P——."
And to the meeting off he ran,
Follow'd by the P——'s man.
The eager sage, for great his haste,
Walk'd, at this time, so very fast,
He seem'd a youth indeed—
He went like chaff before the wind,
And left the servant far behind
Such was the old man's speed.

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XXVIII.

Ask me not what felt Mary Ann,
Her situation may be guess'd—
Perhaps to hope she now began,
Perhaps despair, of fear the test,
Render'd her mind awhile distrest—
While lawyers now with papers ran;
She only said in broken sounds,
Which buzz'd about,—" Ten thousand pounds!"
And while confusion thus abounds
Nought heard they, but—" Ten thousand pounds!"
At length, the lawyers fill'd the deeds,
The agents read the same,
Sir D——d was the last that reads—
And then each man affix'd his name.
Then down ten thousand pounds were paid,
Th' annuities secure were made—
The printer's bill discharged anon,
And fifteen hundred pounds thus gone—

The private letters were restored,
For which the agents, so implored.
Th' attorneys' clerks, who stood the while,
And witnessed all, too, with a smile,
Said—" Well, it is a trick!——
These volumes have produc'd some game,
They've made a lady of the dame,
A dupe of F——c."
" Come, lads make haste—be on the wing,
And these Memoirs," said G——t, " bring."

XXIX.

Now loads are brought—about they lie,
Which often make the agents sigh.—
" Where's volume two? Signature I?
Linger ye here, when you should fly.
Bring all the copies—run away,
Call—' Warehouseman!'—make no delay;
Why what's the reason he doth stay,
We'll lose at this rate the whole day—

Where are the title pages?—See!—
Run quickly to the overseer,
And tell him he is wanted here;
And all the pressmen send to me.
Now, gentlemen, if you've a mind
To tell the work—I think you'll find,
There's eighteen thousand here at least,
And in the bargain here's the *waste*.
Come, lads, and volume one collect;
These, gentlemen, first pray inspect.——
Bring now the whole of volume two;—
Come, Jack, this parcel quick undo—
Must I bid twice? hence, scoundrels fly!
And I'll the load myself untie."——
They reckoned and found all was right—
Poor Mary Ann cou'dn't bear the sight;
The printer surly too became,
And half he murmured,—" 'Tis a shame
So much good work is lost;—
The lady's first attempt—and yet
No chance of fame now can she get,
No reputation boast!"—

XXX.

O, woman! in the hour of strife,
The plague, the torment of our life,
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made;
Whenever gifts there are enow
A condescending creature thou!—
Scarce were the copies told, when she
The quick destruction did decree,
With all their rich contents.
Forgot were fame and rage, I think,
She only hears the guineas chink,
Sees but the settlements.—
She begg'd they'd burn them in the Square,
But heav'd a sigh as thus she spoke;
Then dragging them to Salisbury-Square,†
They set them blazing here and there,
Which fill'd the *Barley-Mow* with smoke.

† This repetition, instead of rhyme is according to the original, see p. 363.

Now run the mob!—they see the blaze,
And marvel much, I ween;
While at the bon-fire thus they gaze,
A title page is seen,—
Which in large letters held to view,
"MEMOIRS OF MRS. M. A. CLARKE;
INCLUDING FACTS, AS STRANGE AS TRUE,
AND ANECDOTES OF MANY A SPARK."
And thus these volumes were destroy'd;
Volumes of smoke they sent abroad,
While every one the agents blames—
It should have publish'd been they said,
And if condemn'd by those who read,
Then be committed to the flames.

XXXI.

A bottle now P—— F——c took,
When told the *finis* of the book—
"Is every morsel burn'd?" he cried,
"Then all my fears may now subside;"

But as remembrance rose,
" What sums of money has it cost,
Too much indeed, heav'n knows!
No matter tho', since I've to boast
My fame is not entirely lost."
" True," A——m said, " and well
Has terminated all this strife—
Here are your letters—and the LIFE,
Thank heav'n—is gone to hell.".
P—— F——c bounced up at the sight,
So very great was his delight,
His extacy had now no bounds,
Till told of the ten thousand pounds;
" It was too much," he said—" I knew
That woman any thing would do.
I would the fiend, who sways her so—
Who rules her mind—some years ago
Had taken her away!
I'd then have 'scap'd proud W—dle's lash,
I then could have preserved my cash,
And nothing had to pay.

It may not be!—she's drain'd our purse,
But very well it is no worse;
For tho' the contest was severe,
I am, thank heav'n! from woman clear:"
Then leaning back to take his rest,
He sunk on Mrs. C——y's breast.

XXXII.

Now Mrs. C——y strove to please,
And rouse his spirits by degrees:
The 'squire too begged him o'er and o'er
To think of Mrs. C—— no more.
But still her voice was in his ear,
No other woman could he hear,
He thought that thus she sung.
" *Why did you leave me and go to another?*
If cash you don't give me, I'll make a fine
pother!"
So the notes rung.—

"Come rouse yourself and be a man,
And think no more of Mary Ann—
Forget her odious name, I pray,
With Mrs. C——y toy and play,
And think on love and bliss—
With many a lover I have been,
And many a separation seen—
But never aught like this!"
But still he heard the people talk,
For folk will prate whene'er they walk;
And—"WARDLE!" was the cry;—
A frown now F——c's brow o'erspread,
And passion fired his eye—
With furious voice, he loudly said,
"May I have vengeance on his head,
Sweet vengeance ere I die!"

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XXXIII.

And now, th' upholsterer, Mr. Wr—ght,
Was out of cash, as well he might,
For men in his extensive way
Have every week some bills to pay,
Yet for their own are forc'd to stay—
" Where, Daniel, where the books?"
His brother the account-book brings,
They quick examine all the things
With most impatient looks.
And now on Mrs. C—— they thought—
The furniture which late was bought
Her residence to fill;
They then agreed that by and by,
This quarter they for cash wou'd try,
And beg to W——dle she'd apply
For money or a bill;—
But not apply for the whole sum
For fear the Colonel might be glum,
And take it rather ill.

Away went Dan to Mrs. C——,
By way of preface did remark,
As business had been very slack
And illness drove them rather back,
Great was their present need;
Five hundred pounds did he much lack;
That would suffice indeed—
He was assur'd then by the fair
She to the Colonel would repair,
And see if he the sum could spare.

XXXIV.

On the Upholsterer's, next day
Call'd Colonel W—dle, as they say;
He now confess'd to Daniel Wr—ght,
He madam saw the previous night,
And that he wanted cash he knew;
Dan own'd that it was very true,
And that a trifle then would do;

Five or six hundred pound—
A bill he'd take of a short date,
For a long time he could not wait,
As they were run aground.
The Colonel op'd his pocket-book
And out of it a bill he took,
On which the other cast a look
And no objections made—
Whose bill it was, to whom or by,
It ne'er was said, so tell can't I,
Nor does it at all signify—
'Twas honorably paid.
It was enough—enough I say,
To prove that on a future day,
All the remainder he must pay
For he thus own'd the debt;
How afterwards did he behave
When they a settlement did crave?
The very bill that late he gave,
He seem'd now to forget.

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XXXV.

Time brings about strange things indeed
Thou, W—dle,—who didst late succeed—
Didst raise to such a pitch thy name,
In some degree art sure to blame;
Where is thy popularity?
Now gone and blasted, all agree—
And he who had such fame acquir'd
Who was by every one admir'd,
And might be so again;
Who did in an heroic speech,
So much 'bout moderation preach,
Is now the first, 'tis plain—
From temperance to go astray
And thus his laurels throw away,
And prove his doctrine vain;

Alas! is he not now in fault?
Gladly I turn me from the thought
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale—six months expir'd,
When Wr—ght a settlement desir'd;
To W—dle he sent in his bill
W—dle responsible was still.
He had his orders for the same,
Of course on him he had a claim—
Five hundred pounds he had paid too,
Upon account of what was due—
(None cou'd suppose he wou'd demur
Or 'bout the business make a stir,
And cast on Mrs. C—— a slur—
Since by her *truth* alone he *prov'd*
The *facts* which he had lately mov'd.)
With wonder at the bill he star'd;
He would not pay it he declar'd,
And, with a look quite grim,

Them to the lady did refer,—
The goods he said were sent to her
They were not sent to him.
The payment thus did he evade
Tho' part already he had paid,
Which when remark'd, he plumply said
That never any bill he gave,
And wondered they shou'd thus behave,
Indeed he hinted now to *Dan*
He thought 'twas a concerted plan,
But he might go to Mary Ann,
And dun the lady for the debt
For he from him should nothing get.

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XXXVII.

No easy fool was Mr. *Frank,*
To give a prize up for a blank.—
He to the gentleman look'd to
And not unto the dame;
And proper means vow'd to pursue
In order to receive his due—
And Colonel W—— shame:
He to his lawyer went apace,
And briefly stated he the case—
And it was his advice—
To cut the matter very short
By sueing Colonel W—— for't,
As fair had been his price:
'Twas *bona fide* a just debt,
And he undoubtedly would get
The money in a trice—
For witnesses, he did remark
He would *subpœna* Mrs. C——,
And some upholsterer to swear
The charges all were very fair;

He thought his brother Mr. *Dan,*
Would be a necessary man—
As he could prove the Colonel came,
The goods t'examine with the dame—
That he the orders gave, not she;
Of course, with him they did agree.—

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself
The great diversion, and the sport
This matter furnish'd for the court;
The Colonel could not stand the test
Tho' he of counsel had the Best.
Much now was argued *pro* and *con.*
And the defendant harp'd upon
The falsehood of the lady, who
A *liar* was, for well he knew,
She'd swear to any thing untrue—
What! Mrs. C——!—who does not see
The indiscretion of this plea?

If false she be—why then so late
Facts on her testimony state?
If false she be, is it not fit
The D—— of Y—— we should acquit.
If in the Court of the King's Bench
She's said to be a lying wench,
Why had she ever then a summons
To wait upon the House of Commons?
If *then* her truth he did allow
Why her veracity doubt *now?*
To own the bill they were afraid—
I mean the money that was paid.
It was not prov'd indeed—what then?
The money must be paid again;—
A verdict for the plaintiff's given,
To madness was the Colonel driven.
Bitter he rails at Mary Ann,
And calls her all the names he can.
So when a man fights with a woman,
'Tis, at the present time, quite common,

To make the following remark
" Fight they like W—— and like C——."

L'Envoy.

TO THE READER.

Why add a tedious epilogue
Which may be justly deem'd a clog—
Save hints may be of some avail
To those who've listed to my tale?
Let chief commanders then take care
Not to confide much in the fair:—
Let patriots, who up have stood
To argue for their country's good,
Take special care of their good name,
Or they may forfeit all their fame—

Let those who very great would seem
And who stand high in our esteem,
Beware, as often is the case,
They fall not soon—into disgrace—
Let those who presents give a dame
Be sure they pay too for the same—
Because if they refuse to pay,
No honorable presents they.—
Enough is said tho' on this head—
So now good night and go to bed.—

END OF MARMION TRAVESTIED.

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